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THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING, BENGAL LANCERS CHARGE A STEEP POSITION.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

To most of us who are not sportsmen, and especially to those of mature years, the approach of winter has something sinister about it. We may abuse the early spring, and talk of the east wind—of which it has been wittily said: “It will be Easter before we’ve done with it”—but there is in that season something of vigour for the weakest, something of resuscitation for the oldest; and, moreover, it is the herald of the summer. But the late autumn is depressing. When its last hours draw near, we feel with the poet that—

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year.

When it has once “laid its fiery finger on the leaves,” the end, we know, is near; it may be beautiful, but we feel it is the end, just as the hectic colour of the victim of consumption we know is lighting her to her grave. In the Lake Country, the most exquisite spectacle that Nature affords us is the First Snow on the Fell; but at the same time it fills one with despondency. There is a chill there, as everywhere else, that strikes not only to the marrow, but on the mind. The proper remedy is not to wait for it, but ere winter comes “with one chapped finger at his lip,” and long before the silence of the snows, to light the hearth fire, the comforter of home. Many people put this off, as they put off other cures, until it is too late, and are “caught in the frozen palms” of October. They don’t like the ornaments taken out of their grates till a certain date, and are content to shiver out of deference to the almanack. But the wise man knows better than to commence a struggle single-handed in which he is bound to be beaten, and at once calls in his ally the fire and defies the foe.

Next to the sight of the first summer sun is that of the first winter fire. How it crackles and spurts and leaps with joy, as we watch it and feel its revivifying glow! We are about to be beleaguered for months by rain and hail, by frost and snow, and all the forces of the Prince of the Powers of the Air, but we are now provisioned against them. We think of the millions of people with a deal more money than we have, but who live in cold climates where there are no fires, but only stoves, and hug ourselves, like the Pharisee, because we are not as they are. They may boast of their snugness, as the bug in the rug may do; but their warmth has an evil odour and a sense of oppression of which an open fire knows nothing, for it is a ventilator in itself; while as to their deriving any satisfaction from the look of their stove, they might as well stare at a penny-in-the-slot automaton or a pillar letter-box. We think also of our own poor who have no fires, and at once subscribe to a coal club—so genial is, or ought to be, the effect of that friendly flame. What a companion it is—not silent, but sparkling, and always ready to supply a light to one’s pipe! Or if we are in thoughtful mood, what an aid it is to the memory!—what distant scenes, what long-departed faces, we behold once more in its glowing embers!—what hopes that have been realised!—what fears that have been unfulfilled! We may “nurse our wrath to keep it warm,” but not beside the hearth. It is antagonistic to the lower emotions: with the pipe in our mouth, and a book in our hand, and the cat on our knee, and the dog at our feet, there is really no room for malice, hatred, nor any other uncharitableness. They are all destroyed in the First Fire.

There is one thing which always puts us out of our usually heavenly temper. It is the sending us newspapers, presumably intended to interest us, without any intimation of where the interesting matter is to be found. If the people cannot write who do such things, they can surely make a mark. Not a week goes by without my receiving newspapers from out-of-the-way corners of the earth, where you would never expect the existence of such a thing as a newspaper; yet they are sometimes quite voluminous. A morbid curiosity, to the survival of which after so many disappointments it is shocking to confess, compels the eye to wander over the network of print in which, by a sort of inverted miracle, not an article of interest is enclosed. The weird head-lines in large type about infinitesimal matters, and the minute print all about nothing at all, are investigated in vain. At last a black splotch rewards my diligence—it is only a “fault,” a sort of birthmark of the paper itself; but I flatter myself I am on the trail at last. It points to an advertisement describing a cure for “housemaid’s knee.” Strangers are very kind to me in suggesting remedies for my various maladies, but this cannot, *cannot* surely be intended for my benefit.

I did once succeed in getting the reason of these postal gifts explained. The donor did not mention his name, but I happened to recognise the handwriting: it belonged to a person with whom I had some business relations, but who lived thousands of miles from England, and, I should have thought, about a thousand from the place where the paper was printed. But distance counts for less and less as people get beyond the cab radius. I wrote a little sharply and under some irritation, for the newspaper had been a large one and had nothing in it. “Why the deuce, my dear fellow, did you send me that *Tongatiboo Telegraph*? I could find nothing in it that could interest me, or, to speak frankly, anybody else.” I had little understood the

patriotic (or shall we call it the parochial) feelings of this out-of-the-way settler. He wrote back: “Dear Sir,—I should have hoped that any man worthy of the name would have felt some ‘interest’ in the fact that the collection at Tongatiboo upon Hospital Sunday reached three figures, throwing, by comparison, that of London completely into the shade. I admit, however, that I ought to have marked the paragraph.” I am glad he did not, or I should have got into still hotter water by asking why.

It is the peculiarity of faddists that they not only advocate their own theory with unnecessary vehemence, and abuse everybody who does not happen to agree with it, but they also go out of their way to denounce a number of other things not immediately connected with their fad, and thereby contrive to make it as unpopular as possible. One scarcely knows a teetotaller, for example, who is not also an anti-tobacco, or a vegetarian who is not both. The anti-one-thing soon becomes an anti-everything; the mission to make people uncomfortable is constantly enlarging its borders. It is, therefore, noteworthy, and a subject of satisfaction, to find, at a great meeting of vegetarians the other day, a lady bold enough to tell them that this meddling with matters outside their creed, and denouncing innocent pleasures, such as smoking and the moderate use of alcohol, was the surest way to make their system unpopular and unacceptable. No wiser advice was ever given. It is hardly necessary to say that it met with great opposition, because, to a large class of persons, to forbid is so much more welcome than to approve; but a considerable number seemed to understand that when one wants to gain a footing in the world, it is exceedingly injudicious to attempt to upset it. There is a great deal to be said for vegetarianism, as, indeed, there is for most innovations; but when one sees so much antagonism in its advocates, one wonders if the diet is good for the temper.

Now and then (though very seldom, in spite of the proverb about fact and fiction), things happen in real life more strange than the novelist imagines them, and before he has given Nature or Fate the opportunity to plagiarise him. In Vienna the astute brother of a spendthrift got him to insure his life in an English company (where suicide, presumably, was not a bar to payment) for an immense sum, on his giving a solemn promise to blow his brains out at the end of two years. The other kept his engagement, and the speculator, who had in the meantime secured the reversions, applied for the money. He had often been so imprudent as to observe, “If George doesn’t shoot himself he is a scoundrel,” and this reflection has cost him dear. The whole transaction has been judged to be fraudulent, and its ingenious inventor has been sent to prison. The victim was very well known, and the affair is said to have made an immense sensation; but the remarkable and romantic feature of the story is his keeping his word. He appears to have been, in its curiously limited sense, a man of honour. We have more than once heard stories of men released by brigands on the understanding that if they failed in getting their ransoms they should return to be tortured or slain, and who have done so; but in commercial affairs, such fidelity, so far as I know, is unexampled.

A curious incident has been lately narrated by a French physician of the curative powers of tobacco, exceeding anything that its most devoted advocates have hitherto even imagined. A man dumb, but not deaf, from his birth, who was much addicted to smoking, found himself in a new social environment, where his daily want was not understood. After frantic endeavours to make his desire known, he suddenly exclaimed, “Tobacco!” and from that moment found his speech. The statement is advanced upon apparently sufficient authority, though it is certainly a strange one. Let the scientific explanation be what it may, how overwhelming must be the passion that makes the dumb to speak! Surely even the anti-tobacco agitator must own that the exclamation was at least less discreditable than an impassioned cry for soda-and-brandy, or even for that “pot of the smallest ale” which Christopher Sly besought his friend to give him for a comfort amid his enchantments. What has seemed to be confirmed deafness has often been cured by a direct appeal to the emotions (“Is this shilling yours or mine?” or even by dropping a coin so as to ring upon the ground behind the patient), but that the word “Tobacco” should be an “Open, Sesame,” to the dumb mouth is rare indeed.

The making of every malady a special disease has become absurdly common. It was admirably satirised by Dickens in his account of the doctor who applied himself solely to whitlow on the thumb; but the fashion has greatly increased since that day. The last discovery is “theatre sickness.” It happens, we are told, from gazing long at the stage after a good dinner: we turn giddy, lose consciousness, faint, and “in perverse cases” even die. The same thing from the same cause might happen at evening church. Those who have had a play acted may say indeed that they have had theatre sickness; but that comes from looking at the audience, not at the stage, and is never preceded by a good dinner.

Compliments have often been paid to Nature upon the great variety of her work, and especially on her turning out so many people without resorting to duplication. This, however, has been much exaggerated, to judge by a recent

statement of a London coroner, who tells us that there are constant mistakes committed as to identification, even by husbands and wives. The wish, perhaps, is father to the thought: each hopes that he or she has got rid of the other. A very little, at all events, seems to convince some wives upon this point. A lady writes from Bournemouth to say that she has not got the money for her railway fare, and therefore cannot come up to London to identify a certain deceased person, but if the coroner will send her “a pattern of his trousers, and mention how they are darned,” she shall be able to say certainly whether it is her husband or not. In the case of an actor whose hours upon the stage are over, he is identified by two members of his company, but each one recognises him as a different actor. An unusually intelligent juryman suggests that one of them may have been the understudy of the other.

It is a painful reflection that one has seldom to record an advance in civilisation without some corresponding deterioration. It was only the other day that we were congratulating the burglars (and ourselves) on the increasing politeness of their manners and conduct, and now they have developed religious bigotry. One of them, at least, has behaved himself in a little case of sacrilege in a way that it is difficult to account for upon other grounds. That he should have taken the contents of the alms-box is deplorable, but not surprising; that he should have furnished the organ-loft as a sleeping-bower with the cushions taken from the pulpit, after a supper of bread and cheese and onions, was reprehensible, though not without that sense of luxury which is said to be the stepping-stone to civilisation; that he should draw moustaches and imperials on the countenances of the angels on the memorial tablets might have only indicated high spirits and a misdirected devotion to Art. But, unfortunately, the motive of all these proceedings was only too manifest from the fact that, before leaving the sacred edifice, he chalked up “No Pepery” on the walls. In Italy we know the brigands are all extremely devout, but the idea of a British burglar with theological views is novel.

The Americans are, in one way, like the fine old pensioners who used to inhabit Greenwich Hospital: they will never allow anyone else to abuse their place of residence, but don’t mind speaking of it themselves with great frankness. It is, therefore, not so curious as it seems at first sight that the authoress of “*Patience Sparhawk and Her Times*” should have dedicated her novel to M. Paul Bourget, who has taken a more rosewater view of her country than most of its visitors, while she herself paints it in another colour. Both she and he, however, agree in describing “the ultimate religion of that strange composite known as American, as Individual Will.” In all ranks he relies on himself primarily, “but in the higher this amounts to intellectual anarchy.” To judge by the characters of the story, there would seem to be more of anarchy about him than intellectuality. *Patience Sparhawk*, however, has experience among all classes, beginning life poor and in an out-of-the-way place, afterwards joining in religious work in the town, and eventually dwelling among the highest circles in country-house. She marries into what would be called in England a “county family,” though it is very unlike it: the pretentiousness of its tenants and visitors almost defies belief, while their viciousness far exceeds the corruption that is supposed to exist among an aristocracy. The behaviour of Beverly Peele as a lover is, indeed, so abominable that one wonders how a decent girl like *Patience* could have married him; while under her father-in-law’s roof she is subject to such attentions from his guests as are inconceivable in the most fashionable household. The best parts of the book, which is written with great skill and vigour throughout, are the descriptions of the religious and journalistic worlds: everything is more pronounced and accentuated than we see it here, but that is far from detracting from its interest. *Patience*, when in her chrysalis state, becomes a temperance evangelist, though not a very genuine one, and inquires of her chief—a most excellent and earnest woman—respecting the efficacy of prayer, “Does He always do what you tell Him, Miss Tremont?”

“Almost everything I ask Him—that is to say, when He thinks best. Dear *Patience*, if you knew how He looks out for me—and it is well He sees fit, for dear knows I have a time taking care of myself. Why, He even takes care of my pulse. I’m always leaving it round, and He always sends it back to me, from counters and trains and restaurants and everywhere. And when I start in the wrong direction, He always whispers in my ear in time. Why, once I had to catch a certain train to Philadelphia, where I was to preside at a convention, and I’d taken the wrong street-car, and when I jumped off and took the right one, the driver said I couldn’t possibly get to *time* in time. So I just shut my eyes and prayed; and then I told the driver that it would be all right, as I had asked the Lord to see that I got there in time. The driver laughed and said, ‘W-n-n-l, I guess the Lord’ll go back on you this time.’ But I caught that *ferry-boat*. He—the Lord—made it five minutes late. And it’s always the same. He takes care of me, praised be His name!”

The account of newspaper life and influence in New York is most curious and entertaining, though if an English author had had the audacity to write it he would certainly never have heard the last of it. I do not remember any book describing life in America, from inside, so informing as “*Patience Sparhawk*”; it is also very interesting, though now and then we are constrained to murmur, “Let us hope it is not true.”

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

The campaign of General Sir Bindon Blood, with the combined movement of General Elles, in the region to the north of Peshawar and of the Khyber Pass, against the hostile Mohmands and followers of the Hadda Mullah, has made satisfactory progress. On Thursday, Sept. 23, two brigades for General Elles's force, commanded respectively by Major-General Westmacott and Colonel Graves, forced the Bedman Pass with very slight loss on our side, the troops chiefly engaged—20th Punjab Infantry, 1st Gurkhas, and Bombay Pioneers—clearing the heights in masterly style, while the fire of the artillery was also very effective. General Elles then advanced and destroyed the enemy's forts in the valley of Jarobi, beyond that pass, and on Saturday captured the headquarters of the Hadda Mullah, but could not then pursue him further in his flight, as the advanced guard, entangled and attacked in a defile beyond the village, and having lost several men killed and wounded, fell back. The Hadda Mullah, the fanatical Mussulman preacher who stirred up all these tribes to war, has fled westward to the country of the Shinwarris. Sir Bindon Blood's headquarters were at Inayate, in Bajaur, rejoined by the brigade of Major-General Jeffreys; and on Friday, at the request of the Maliks or tribal chiefs of the Mohmands, he granted them an armistice of two days with a view to their promised surrender. A detached force has subdued the villages in Mittai. In the Orakzai and Afridi campaign, to the south-west of Peshawar, the most advanced position yet taken up is at Sudda, at the junction of the Kurmandara with the Kurram River, from which point, through the Khanki Valley, the expedition, when completely ready, would advance to conquer Tirah, early in October, under Sir William Lockhart's immediate command.

THE LATE DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

By the sinking of a German torpedo-boat on Sept. 22, at Cuxhaven, the first officer in command, Lieutenant Duke Frederick William of



Photo E. Bieber, Berlin.

THE LATE DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and seven men lost their lives. The boat, it is understood, was sunk through stress of stormy weather. The late Duke was the third son of the last reigning Duke but one of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Frederick Francis II., and of his third wife, the Grand Duchess Marie, *née* Princess of Schwartzburg-Rudolstadt. Duke Frederick William, who was half-brother to the present Regent of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was born in 1871. As the boat went down the young Duke behaved with great fortitude. Seeing that all was lost, he called on his men to join him in prayer, and in a few touching sentences commended himself and his comrades to Heaven, beseeching that their end might be swift and painless.

THE SCANDINAVIAN JUBILEE.

On Sept. 18 King Oscar of Sweden celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne. The city of Stockholm was gaily decorated with flags for the occasion, and the streets were crowded with enthusiastic holiday-makers. At eleven o'clock a solemn thanksgiving "Te Deum" was sung in the chapel attached to the royal castle, the service being attended by a brilliant congregation, which included the royal family and the royal and princely personages who are present as jubilee guests. Bishop Billing delivered an eloquent address, in the course of which he passed the King's life-work in review, and dwelt on his Majesty's devotion to the public good, closing his oration with a fervent prayer that the divine blessing might rest upon the country and people. The ceremony concluded with a hymn, during the singing of which a salute of artillery was fired. The service over, his Majesty received deputations, one of which presented the jubilee subscription of 2,200,000 kroner, which had been raised among the people. His Majesty has graciously decided that this money shall be devoted to furthering a scheme for combating tubercular diseases. At night the city was brilliantly illuminated, electric light being in many cases employed in beautiful and striking devices. Everywhere the royal party was received with acclamation by the rejoicing crowds. On the occasion of the jubilee his Majesty King Oscar conferred the Order of the Seraphim on Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, K.G., who represented the Queen at the Stockholm celebrations, at the same time conferring, with her Majesty's approval, the Knight Commandership of the Sword of Sweden on Colonel

the Hon. Sir Henry Byng, K.C.V.O., and the Companionship of the same order on Major Coen Martin, who attended Prince Christian on his mission. In London, also, the jubilee was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the members of the Swedish colony. The proceedings began with a sumptuous dinner at the Trocadero, and ended on the evening of Sunday, Sept. 19, with a special service held in the old Swedish church in Prince's Square, Shadwell. Pastor Palmér, in his address, remarked that during his ten years' ministry in London he had had the pleasure of seeing within the walls of his church most of the royal family of Sweden and Norway.

THE LATE CANON ELWYN.

The ancient school of the Charterhouse has lost an esteemed Master in the Rev. Richard Elwyn, honorary Canon of Canterbury, who died at the Master's Lodge on Sept. 28 after a short illness. Canon Elwyn was himself a Charterhouse boy, and from school passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, which he entered as a scholar. During his undergraduate career, young Elwyn was Bell Scholar and Craven Scholar, and in 1849 was placed in the tripos as senior classic, the second on the list being the late M. Waddington, for several years French Ambassador in London. For some time Mr. Elwyn was Fellow of Trinity, passing in 1855 to a Mastership at Charterhouse. Three years later he became Head Master, and continued to hold that position until 1863, when the state of his health necessitated his retirement from active work. Regaining a

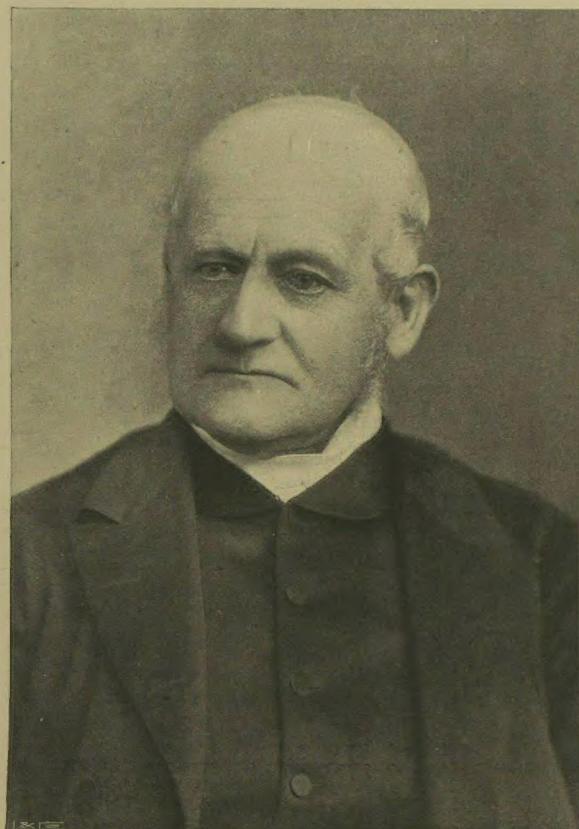
Normandy, it was one of William the Conqueror's starting points. The distinction which Tréport does not share with all its neighbours is that of having afforded her most gracious Majesty a landing-place on her first two visits to France, when she spent some time as guest of Louis Philippe at the Château d'Eu.

THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

The perilous road to the gold country is steadily increasing its tale of victims. Terrible suffering is reported from the Scaagway and Dyea trails, all along which destitute gold-seekers are said to be scattered in utter hopelessness. Their provisions are all destroyed, and, as the pass is closed for the season, starvation stares them in the face. Some who have returned from that veritable Via Dolorosa report that they found ruined prospectors, whose fortitude had utterly given way beneath their miseries. Men, once strong and intrepid, would break down and weep when recounting their miseries and disappointments. As an offset to these woes, tales of success still come to lure other fortune-hunters to their fate. James Rowan, a poor man of Colorado, has returned to his home in Leadville with a huge bag of gold-dust and titles to property in the mines amounting to 200,000 dollars. Mr. Joaquin Miller, writing from Dawson City, declares that the timely arrival of food has laid the spectre of starvation in that town; nevertheless, he advises people to stay at home, for it is only the lucky few who are heard of, while the unlucky many succumb unknown. All hope of reaching Klondike this season is now at an end, for the first snows have fallen, yet the steamer *Rosalie* has sailed with a full cargo of passengers, nearly all gold-seekers, few of whom will live to reach the mines. On the Dyea trail seventeen men and one woman are reported to have been killed by a land-slide. The company, it is stated, were toiling wearily along the trail when they were overwhelmed. Thus seek they El Dorado.

THE LATE DEAN MONTGOMERY.

The death of James Francis Montgomery, Dean of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh,

THE LATE REV. RICHARD ELWYN,
MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.

measure of strength, he accepted, in 1864, the Head Mastership of St. Peter's School, York. In 1872 he quitted that sphere of usefulness, having been presented by Archbishop Tait to the vicarage of Ramsgate. In 1880 he accepted the living of East Farleigh, near Maidstone, offered him by the Lord Chancellor. This preferment he retained until his nomination to the Mastership of Charterhouse in 1885. On his return to London, educational work again claimed him, and until three years ago Canon Elwyn acted as Principal of Queen's College. A man of many friends, the late Canon sustained to perfection the character of clergymen of the old school—genial, scholarly, of wide sympathies, and abundant kindness. The Society for Promotion of Christian Knowledge had his heartiest support, and the London clergy knew and valued the late Master as a preacher whose services might be relied on.

A NORMAN WATERING-PLACE.

Tréport, or, more properly, Le Tréport (a name which makes some curious philologists inquire, "Why not Les Tréports?"), is one of the most charming and purely French of Norman watering-places. Only twenty miles from Dieppe, and thus on the route of the pleasantest and cheapest Channel passage, Tréport offers many attractions to the English visitor who desires something less redolent of the harbour than Boulogne, something a little more retired than Dieppe, where the British tourist is legion. The journey is swift. Leaving Victoria at ten o'clock, one can reach Tréport in time for dinner, where you may put up at a good, comfortable, clean, and unpretentious hotel, there to spend a delightful holiday in the enjoyment of sea bathing, and, if you are studiously inclined, in research into the history of the place. For Tréport has a history. Like every other sea-coast town in

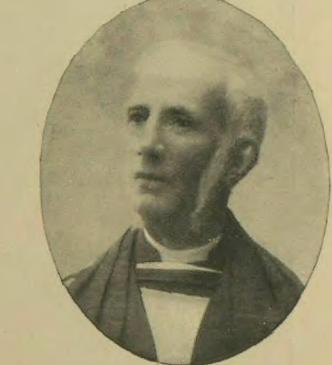


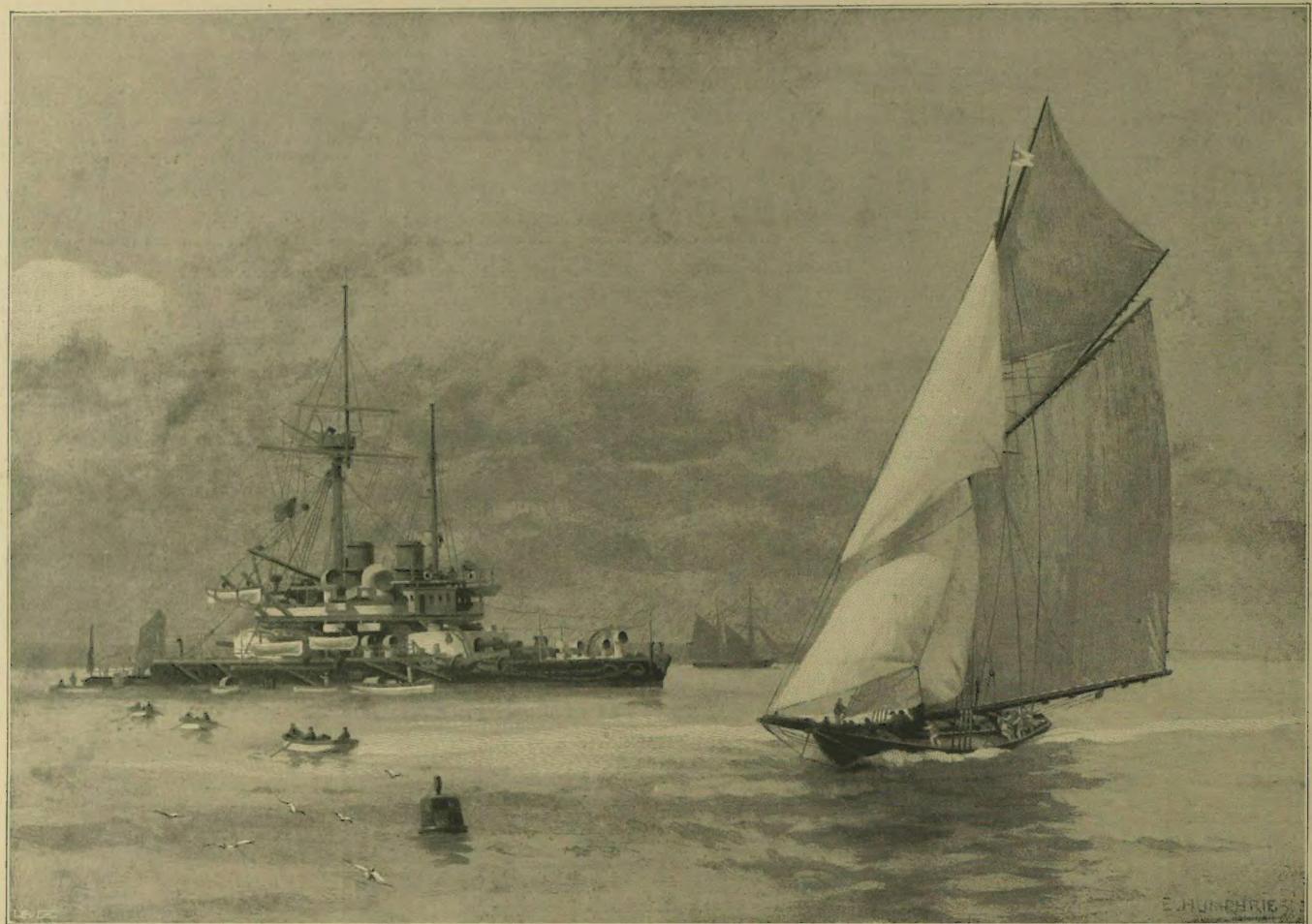
Photo E. S. and W. Forrest.

THE LATE DEAN OF ST. MARY'S, EDINBURGH.

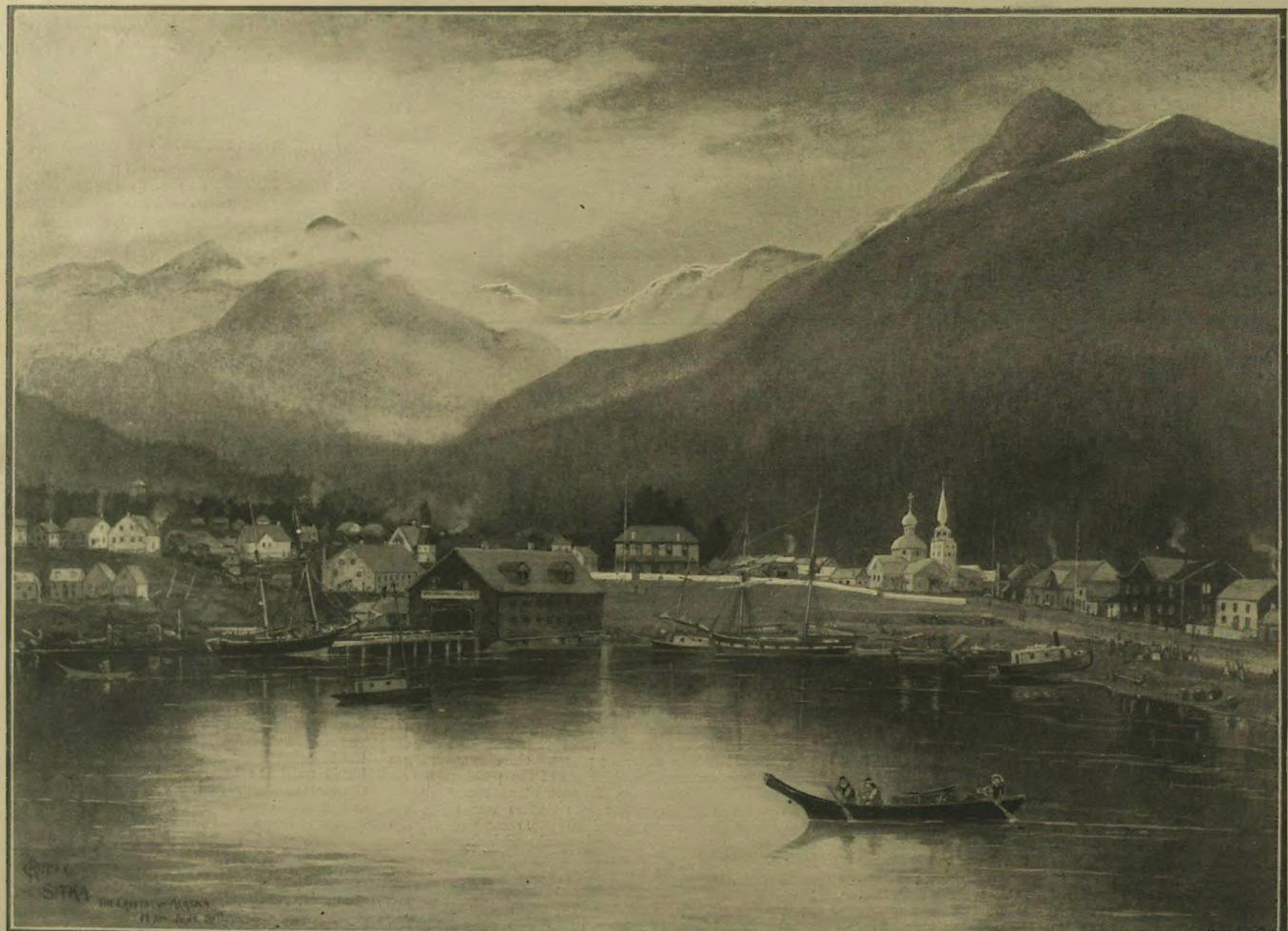
removes an honoured figure from the Episcopal Church of Scotland. The son of a former Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer, he was born in Edinburgh seventy-nine years ago, was called to the Scotch Bar in 1840, but studied for the Church at Durham University, and became curate of Fuddleton, Dorset, in 1856. He returned to Edinburgh two years later, and had lived and laboured in his native city ever since. He succeeded the genial Dean Ramsay in 1873, and he became the first Dean of St. Mary's Cathedral, which was completed in 1879, and to which he presented a fine peal of bells. He was also incumbent of St. Paul's. The late Dean's courtesy and tact were largely influential in thawing the constraint which at one time existed between the Presbyterians and the Scottish Episcopal Communion.

THE CASE OF MR. TILAK.

The sentence of eighteen months imprisonment passed upon the Hon. B. G. Tilak, editor and proprietor of the *Kesari* newspaper, for inciting to sedition, was appealed against by his numerous friends. The petition, which was supported by affidavits, requested the Chief Justice to call a full Bench to consider an application that the case should be granted for reference to the Privy Council on the prisoner's behalf. The petition was based on the plea that Mr. Justice Strachey did not, in summing up, impartially review the evidence; that he practically told the jury to convict; and that he misdirected them on a point of law. The learned Judge, by the way, was, during the trial, menaced with personal violence, one anonymous writer threatening to shoot him from the gallery of the Court. Another scribe wrote, "They head will be in the lap," the words applied to the ill-fated Mr. Rand. The trial began on Sept. 9, and lasted until the 14th. Mr. Macpherson, the Advocate-General, prosecuted, while Mr. Pugh, of the Calcutta Bar, and Mr. Davur, a native barrister, appeared for the accused. The special jury, of which half were Europeans, decided by six to three against Mr. Tilak, but unanimously acquitted the printer Bal, who was charged at the same time on a similar indictment. On Sept. 24 the appeal was heard at Bombay before a full Court, including Justices Farrier, Fulton, and Strachey, who unanimously rejected the petition. Mr. Tilak seems always to have been a turbulent person. At college he was held back one year from his degree as a punishment for some act of insubordination.



LEVIATHAN AND THE SWAN.



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: SITKA, THE CAPITAL OF ALASKA, AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK ON A NIGHT IN JUNE.

Drawn by Edward Roper.



1. The Sixteenth-Century Church of St. Jacques.
2. The Cliffs. 3. The Beach at Low Tide.

4. Fishwives towing a Fishing-Boat.
5. Fish Market.

6. French Pilot-Boat.
7. Waiting the Landing of Fish.

SKETCHES IN TRÉPORT, A NORMAN WATERING-PLACE.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Balmoral, on Friday evening, was visited by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, who are at Abergeldie with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The Prince of Wales, on his return from the Continent, arrived in London on Saturday, and went on Monday to Sandringham. The Princess of Wales is staying longer with her own family at Copenhagen.

The Royal Artillery, three companies of the Thames District, under command of General Sir Charles Warren, with some Militia and Volunteer Artillery, have this week been practising defensive tactics at several of the forts and batteries on the Thames and Medway.

Lord Wolseley, Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief, on Sept. 23 was presented with the civic freedom of Glasgow by the Lord Provost and Corporation, and made a speech on the needful strength of the Army and Navy.

Conferences have been held by Mr. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, and Sir Courtenay Boyle, the Secretary, with Colonel Dyer, representing the Federation of Employers in the engineering trades, with a view to mediation in the dispute with the workmen on strike. The Duke of Norfolk, in a letter to the Deputy Lord Mayor of Sheffield (the Duke being Lord Mayor), has offered to assist in conciliation.

On Saturday the fortieth anniversary of the Relief of Lucknow was celebrated by a dinner of the surviving

collision with an English steam-ship, the *Tyria*, going to Venice.

King Charles of Roumania and his Queen, Elizabeth, "Carmen Sylva," have visited the Emperor Francis Joseph, King of Hungary, at Budapest, this week.

The new ironclad cruiser of the German Navy, built at Kiel, has been named the *Fürst Bismarck*, in honour of the veteran statesman, to whom the Emperor William has written a friendly letter upon this occasion.

The Collective Note of the Ambassadors of the six European Powers at Constantinople, stating the terms of the treaty of peace with Greece negotiated by them with the Sultan of Turkey, was presented to the Greek Government at Athens, on Monday, by the Russian Ambassador, M. Onou, inviting its acceptance and measures to carry into effect its stipulations of financial arrangement and delimitation of a new Thessalian frontier. The Mussulmans of Crete are bitterly complaining of ravages and outrages perpetrated by the Christian insurgents. A Turkish squadron on the coast of that island has been prevented from landing troops by the Admirals of the combined European squadrons.

A violent cyclone storm of wind in the South of Italy, on Sept. 21, blew down many houses at Sava, Oria, Mesagne, and Latiano; forty people were killed and seventy much injured. Slight earthquake was felt along the eastern parts of Italy.

Serious riots have taken place at some villages of

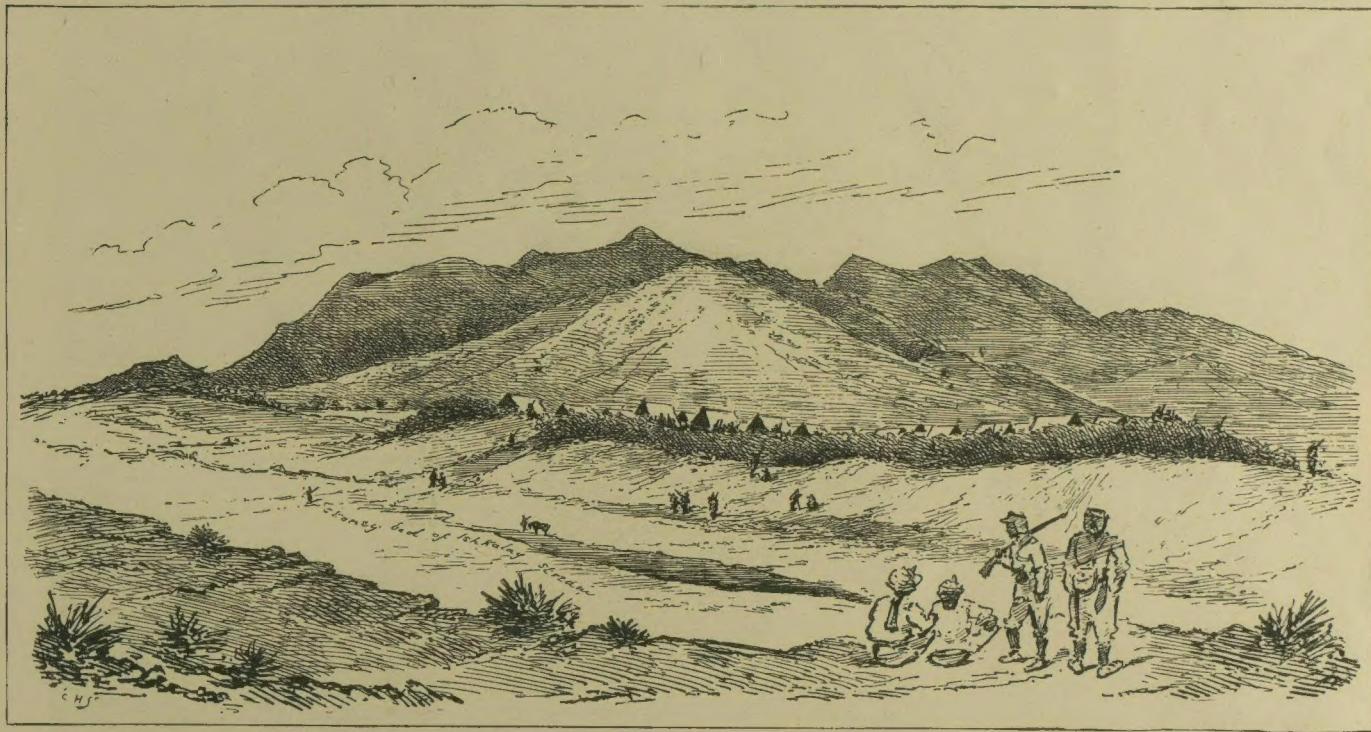
Premier, General Ascarraga, upon the situation of Cuba, and the apprehensions of a speedy intervention, by the United States Government, in favour of the independence of that island, are becoming stronger, none of the Great European Powers being disposed to aid Spain, by force of arms, in resisting such an intervention.

The Sultan of Morocco is preparing a military expedition to suppress the Riff pirates on the Mediterranean coast, who are still holding some Italians and other Europeans in captivity, and demanding pecuniary ransoms, for which Italy has sent money by the *Lombardia* cruiser, from Tangier.

Riots and conflicts among the European foreign labourers, Italians, Poles, Bohemians and Transylvanians, employed in large numbers in some of the manufacturing and mining districts of America, continue to be reported. At Girardville, in the State of Pennsylvania, on Monday last, a fight broke out with a mob of Polish workmen; nine were killed, and many others were badly wounded.

A meteoric stone weighing eighty tons, the largest yet found, has been brought from the coast of Greenland by Lieutenant Peary, the American Arctic explorer, in the steamer *Hope*, and is to be landed at New York.

Proposed measures of fiscal and revenue legislation in the Transvaal Republic are just now exciting some uneasiness in the gold-mining community at Johannesburg, notwithstanding the concessions promised to that interest in the reduction of import duties and of railway freights.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: WITH THE KOHAT-KURRAM VALLEY FIELD FORCE.

THE 1ST BATTALION 3RD GURKHA RIFLES IN THE ENTRENCHED CAMP AT DOABA, ON THE KOHAT-KURRAM LINE.

Facsimile of a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel Pally, 3rd Gurkha Rifles.

officers of the garrison, and those of Outram's and Havelock's forces, presided over by General Sir W. Olipherts, at the Hôtel Métropole.

The contested elections for the Barnsley Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire and for East Denbighshire continue to occasion active local proceedings of the opposed parties. At Coedpoeth, in East Denbighshire, mob violence assailed the Conservative candidate, Mr. George Kenyon, and stones were thrown at him and his wife returning in their carriage from a meeting. The nomination of Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Samuel Moss was performed on Sept. 24, and the polling was on Tuesday last.

The Royal Commissioners of Inquiry appointed to examine the working of the Irish Land Acts, Sir Edward Fry presiding, began their sittings on Sept. 22, at the Four Courts, Dublin, when counsel for the complaining landowners opened their case.

Mr. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, with the other members of the Board, last week commenced, at Devonport, their annual tour of inspection of the dockyards and other Admiralty establishments at the naval ports.

The King of Siam, after coming back to Taplow Court, Maidenhead, his residence in England for the summer, kept his forty-fourth birthday, on Sept. 21, with domestic festivity. On Saturday he visited the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. He was in the City on Monday, lunching with the Mercers' Company. On Tuesday he was at Oxford, entertained by the Vice-Chancellor and University Dons; and on Wednesday he inspected Windsor Castle.

A lamentable disaster occurred on Sept. 22, at Fiume, in the Adriatic: thirty or forty people on board a small passenger steam-boat were drowned, by her sinking from

Croatia, in consequence of the official hoisting of the flag of the Kingdom of Hungary. Three officials of the local Government were slaughtered by a mob of peasants. The gendarmes fired on the rioters, killing one person and wounding seven others.

The encampment of the Egyptian troops at Merawi, on the Upper Nile, was visited on Sept. 21 by a tremendous sandstorm. A fire in the Camel Corps stores caused some damage. It is expected that the military advance this season will not proceed far beyond Berber, and that the construction of a railway between the Nile and Suakin, on the Red Sea Coast, will next be undertaken, before any forward move against the Khalifa's positions at Metamah or Khartoum. But there is reason to believe that the occupation of Kassala by the Anglo-Egyptian forces is strongly urged by Italy, which can no longer bear the expense of holding that position.

A hundred members of the New South Wales Volunteer Corps of Lancers have offered their services to the Imperial Government for the Indian frontier war. This offer is under the consideration of the Colonial Government.

On the Persian frontier of Asiatic Turkey fierce attacks have been made by the Kurds, a race of cruel marauders defying the control of either empire, upon the unhappy Armenian population of the valleys and plains, more than three hundred of whom were lately killed, and many women and children carried off into slavery, by one of these raids. The Persian Government has arrested some thirty of the raiders, most of them being Turkish subjects, and now demands satisfaction from the Sultan, after an official inquiry at Teheran, appealing to Russia for support of this claim.

General Woodford, the new American Minister at Madrid, has had further serious conference with the Spanish

President Kruger, whose re-election seems not unlikely, is said to be in favour of heavy direct taxation of the product of the richer mines, or the dividends of the richer companies, while granting relief to those which are comparatively poor.

The convention or conference of delegates from the several Australian Colonies held at Sydney, New South Wales, to devise a scheme of Intercolonial Federation, adjourned its sittings on Sept. 24, to meet again on Jan. 20, at Melbourne.

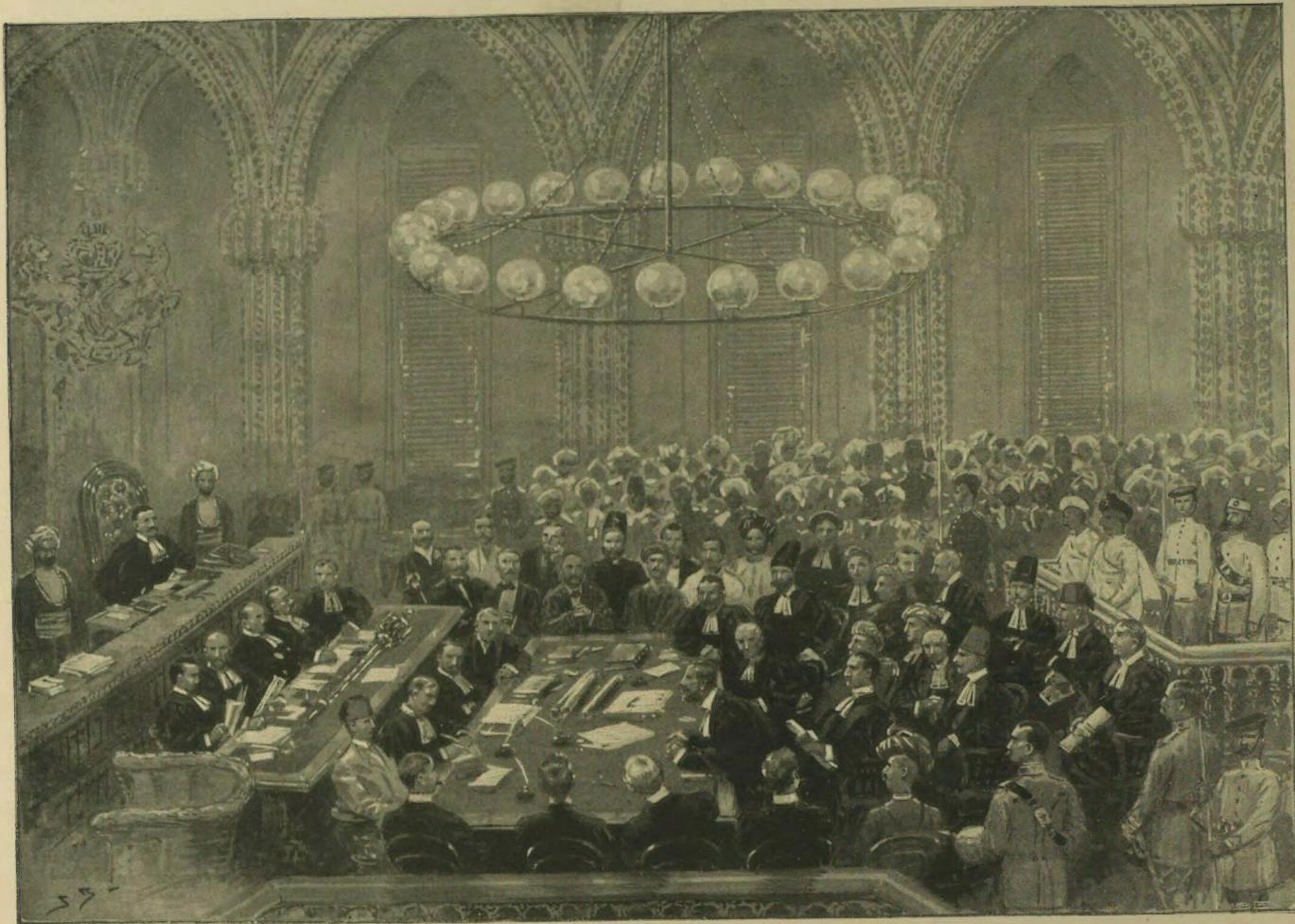
Captain Slocum, of Boston, Massachusetts, who left that port in April 1895, alone in a small sailing-boat, to make his solitary voyage all round the globe, has traversed the Atlantic, North and South, the Straits of Magellan, and the Pacific Ocean, and has arrived at Port Louis, Mauritius, whence he intends to return home.

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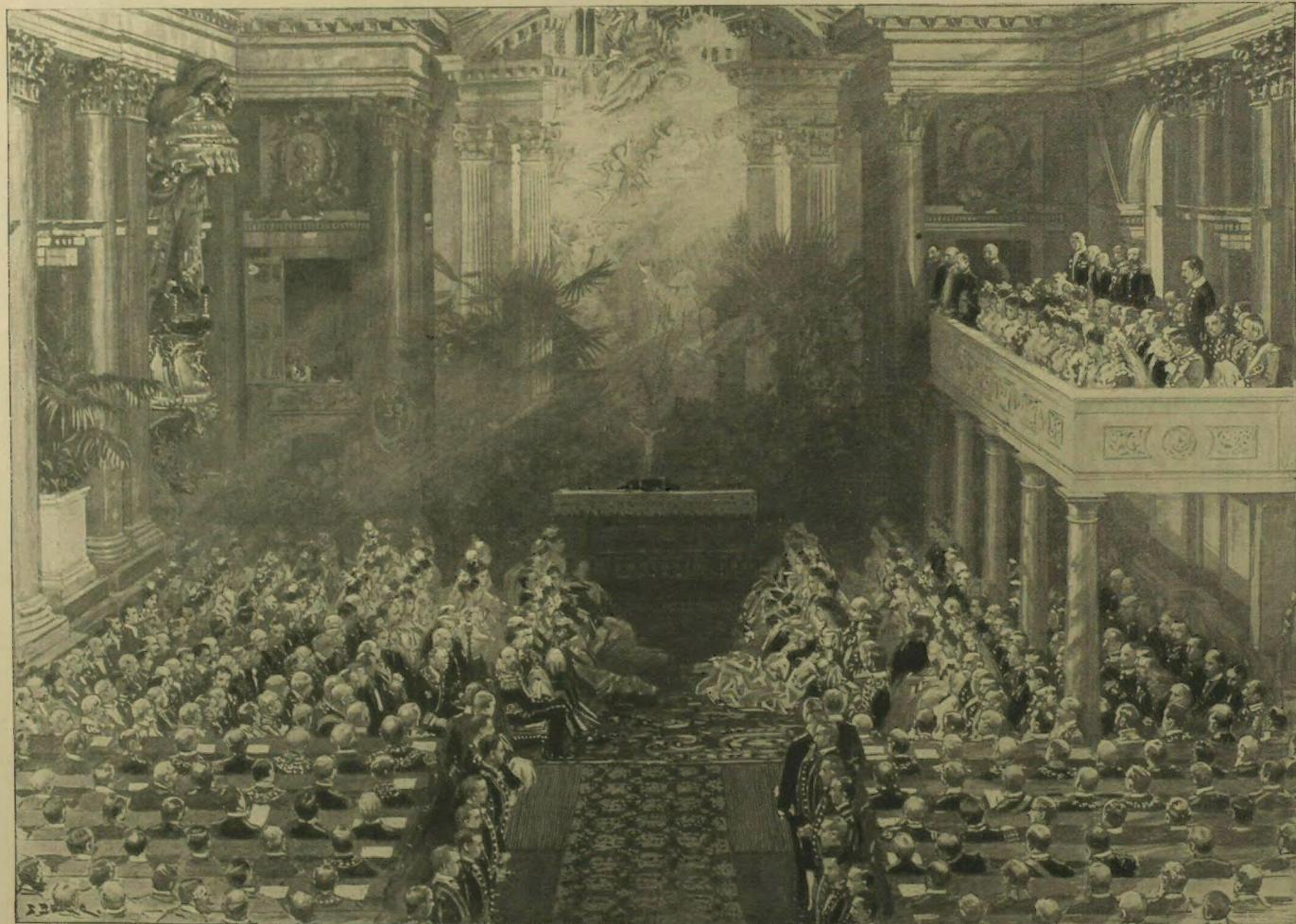
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THE TRIAL OF THE HON. B. G. TILAK FOR SEDITION, AT THE BOMBAY HIGH COURT.

From a Sketch by J. Berriman Years, Bombay.



THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE KING OF SWEDEN: THE "TE DEUM" IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, STOCKHOLM.

From a Photograph by Axel Lindahl, Stockholm.



ILLUSTRATED BY ABBEY ALTSOON.

THE STORY FOR BULMER.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

OTHER men in the business of supplying readable matter at so much per thousand words were of opinion that James Petwick was a lame duck in literature; they considered he was and would be a failure, and wondered how he ever planted his wretched stuff upon a wary editor. On any editor, that is, who knew sufficient of his business to accept their own contributions. And their consolation was that editors certainly took very little of it.

For without doubt James Petwick was off his line in fiction. He more than suspected it, and labouring hard to acquire brilliancy of touch, only succeeded in poor imitation of the brilliant. He turned his wandering attention to belles lettres, and found no gold there. He was a poor mine on the borders of a rich belt; he paid no dividend on the capital invested in his education. Like an illicit diamond-buyer, if he ever showed a gem, it could be traced to one of the millionaires who found Parnassus a Kimberley.

But he belonged to literary clubs and to certain societies connected with letters, and was tolerated not ungraciously by those who despised him. With many acquaintances he had but one friend, and that friend was infinitely his superior in brains. He had money, too. But Mortimer Trevarrian was a cynic, and suffered from *tedium vitæ* bitterly. For a man who might do anything does nothing, and gets tired of it. Trevarrian looked like a Jew, but of course came from Cornwall. He was big and rather fat, and had an eye like a dark opal; it gleamed or clouded strangely, and some days appeared dead and fishlike. At such times he looked lumpish and brutal. Then came fits of black melancholy. But when he woke and the scum cleared off his mind, he was a jewel, and his eyes shone like a toad's. He drank absinthe, and, being truly suspected of drugs, was predestined to the shears before his due years elapsed.

"I wonder you never write

a line," said Petwick in one of the hours when he believed in himself.

"I don't because I can," replied Trevarrian, wallowing fatly in his own sofa-cushions.

"It's a queer reason."

"The best of reasons," said Trevarrian. "If I couldn't, I might want to. No one who can write does write at all. It's your doubter of himself who writes his *graffiti*, decent or otherwise, on the wall of the world's recreation-room."

"I don't understand—"

And Trevarrian smiled.

"How should you, being a writer?" (And he said to himself, "Really, that's good of me.") "For, being a writer, you—are a writer, and have a writer's limitations. You fill up your natural deficiencies with self-belief. On the other hand, here I lie, naturally rotund and complete. Why should I desire praise for what I know I can do? If I want praise, it's for what I can't do. The better the writer (who has not yet arrived at the point of not writing), the better he knows that."

Petwick was good enough to smile at the conceit genially.

"You're paradoxical, Mortimer, and always were. But there's a great difference between imagining things and putting them down."

"And a great difference between putting things down and imagining anything," said Trevarrian. "The processes are alien, opposite, self-destructive. The best of writers is at once an architect, a builder, and a labourer. I am an architect only."

"I say, what conceit!" cried Petwick.

"Isn't it?" mused Trevarrian. "From your point of view. But nothing is worth doing."

"Why from mine?"

"Because you admire an untold number of writers. I've heard you rave about a string of literary mules climbing upon the Passes of the Literary Andes, even your man Bulmer. I, on the contrary, admire no one, and float above them like—like—oh, say like a condor."

He rolled off the sofa, unbirdlike and ponderous.

"I never read a thing now. And the reason is that my own mind is fertile."

His eyes glittered, and Petwick, knowing there was truth in what he said, became humble.

"You have wonderful notions, I admit," he cried, with admiration. "There was that story you told me about the suicide. Do you remember?"

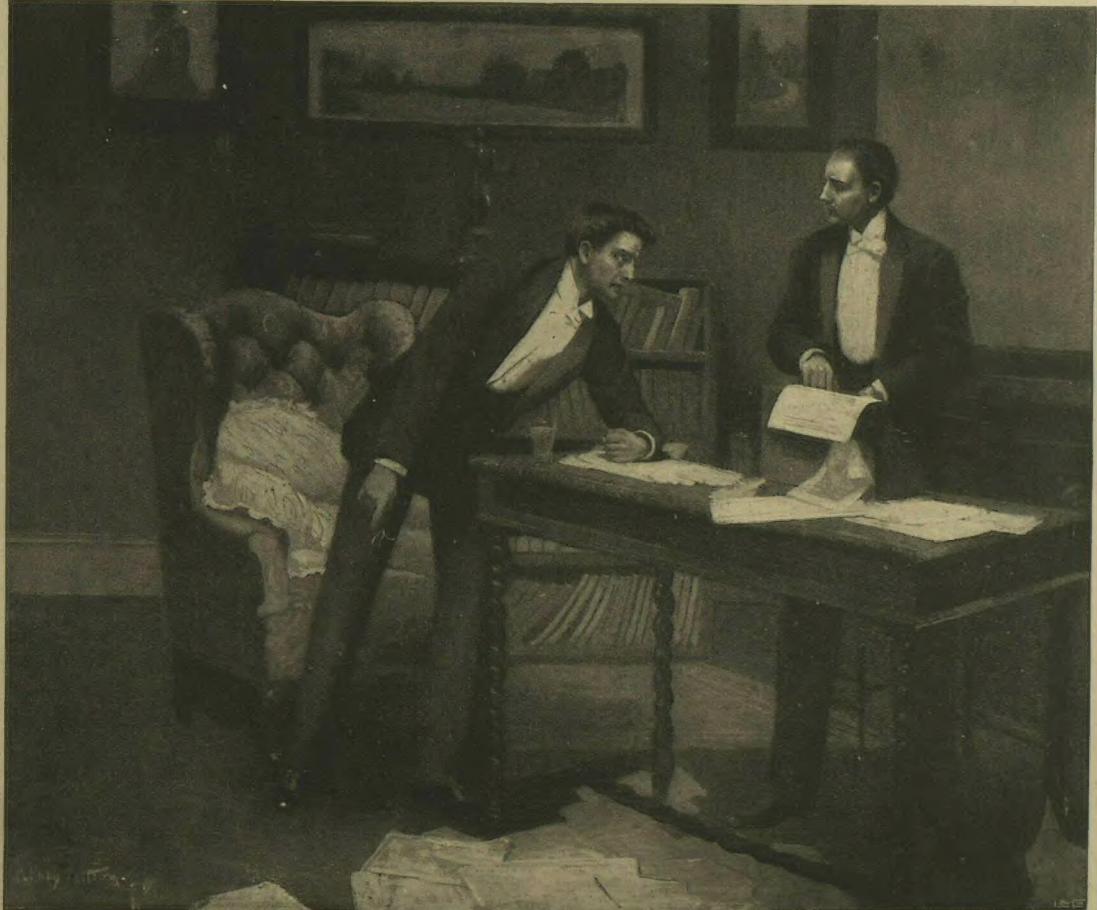
"Oh, that's nothing," said Trevarrian, with a shiver. "I've told you dozens better. Why don't you use them?"

"I would if I could," groaned Petwick. "But I think a man cannot reap where he hasn't sowed."

"He can if he has any notion of business," said Mortimer cynically. "Why, that is business. But I'll dress now and come with you. Are you going to introduce me to a bag of brilliants to-night?"

Petwick lighted up.

"Well, there's Bulmer and Wilson and Seymour Kerr coming, and you know they're all clever chaps. And



The Fool left the machine, and stood up before the Genius and spoke.

perhaps Sir Gilbert Halliday will look in, and he is clever, Trevarian!

"Bosh!" said Trevarian, "he only believes he is. And you believe it now. I wonder the trick isn't played out."

So the lamb was led to the slaughter, and made himself as comfortable as he could with much whisky-and-soda when Petwick introduced no one to him.

"Who's your fat friend?" asked Bulmer.

"The cleverest man I know," said Petwick eagerly; "let me introduce you."

And being introduced, Bulmer made himself obnoxious to Trevarian by running Petwick down.

"H'm!" grunted Trevarian, "you've never seen his best work yet."

"No?"

"It's far more brilliant than anything anyone here can do," said Trevarian coldly.

Bulmer shrank like a touched sea-anemone, and then laughed with obvious contempt.

"Indeed! Then I certainly have not seen it."

He was offensive with conceit, and the implication that this unknown work was better than his own visibly annoyed him.

"Do you write anything yourself?" asked Trevarian, with a fishy eye.

And then Bulmer withdrew.

"Your clever friend is a fool," he said viciously to Petwick, "and has the tact of a runaway horse, or ass."

"Is Bulmer really rather clever?" asked Trevarian a little later.

"Oh, yes," affirmed Petwick, "but you didn't seem to get on with him!"

"Bah!" said Trevarian.

"I daresay he thought I was a fool. Come now?"

"He said so," whispered round-eyed Petwick.

"He did, did he?" cried Trevarian.

"And he'll never print a line of mine again," said Petwick mournfully.

"He will, I'll make him," said Trevarian, with a laugh. "Come back to my rooms now, old man. And I'll tell you a story."

"I suppose we were mistaken about Petwick," said Kerr. And Wilson said the same. And so did Bulmer, even Bulmer, though he allowed his spite as a man to overcome his discretion as an editor when he refused the new stories.

"He's got to what he can do," they cried in the little circles which note the rise and fall of writers. "But who would have imagined the apple-cheeked Petwick, once mild and rosy even in his work, should grow so bitter, so satiric, so utterly morbid?"

And though his work bit and stung and etched itself into the impenetrable brass of the public mind, revolting against though yielding to the savage influence, James Petwick beamed mildly on a world enriching him, and was as innocuous as distilled water, a little flat on the conventional palate.

"They like those stories?" asked Trevarian.

"They're a new drug," said Petwick, "and the abuse I—got is wonderful. They ask for more and more and more." He looked anxiously at Trevarian.

"Put up your prices," said Mortimer, "and keep the clamorous editors at bay. Has Bulmer crawled down yet and asked for one? I'd like him to do that! I think if he did—"

"Not yet," said Petwick, "and really if you could—for he has refused that last one."

But Trevarian shook his head and was suddenly irritable.

"Curse it, I won't be worried!" he cried. "And curse Bulmer! Why should I care about the beast!"

The crushed Petwick shrank nervously, and by the time he recovered Trevarian was lethargic, almost comatose, though more amiable.

"Come and live in the stable," he said.

"Eh? What?" asked Petwick.

"Where the milch cows is," said Trevarian sleepily.

And it ended by Petwick shifting his belongings into his friend's spare room. Though he played second fiddle, the concert was not always harmonious; for Petwick was fairly natural in his habits, and Trevarian lived in an inverted order, sleeping through the day and prowling at night.

"You're a pretty companion," growled Trevarian. "If it wasn't for this milking, I'd never see you."

He took to rousing Petwick at three in the morning, to dictate to him.

"You've got me into the villainous habit of wanting to see my madness on paper," he jeered as he put his night-shirted collaborator at the type-writer, "and you must suffer as I do. Confound you, Jimmy! You rose-coloured villain! I'll make you pallid! Can't I bring down this ass Bulmer? Do I grow thin?"

He was a ponderous beast, and fatter, with heavier eyelids.

"I degenerate and grow incomplete. Oh, blessed state, when thought was more real than script!" he chuckled. "I'll crib your reputation, Jimmy—you sly dog! What's yours is mine, you literary Wegg! When I die, your real leg will be taken from you, and you'll pirouette on your wooden one. Now Legin! What will you do when I'm dead?"

He dictated fast, and Petwick sweated till the dawn over the story of a madman, incredible in strange and unearthly morbidity. It was a midnight puff-ball, agaric and fungus sprouted, ghosts wailed and gibbered on some unnatural earth, lighted by the sick moon. Horrible and immoral humour grinned over the walls of this graveyard, and Trevarian squatted like an incubus in the middle of dream and nightmare. He finished in the daylight, and brought the sun into his story, not as a relief, but to make what had been but dreadful fancy a thing real, tangible, and red-dyed. So dawn sees a murder through a garret's window.

"Horrible—really, really horrible!" he said, as he finished. "I did it then. Go, young Hoffman, thing of night, prolific Petwick, accomplice, co-murderer, remove

"Pleased, I'm sure," said Petwick, always ready to forgive.

And he slipped away triumphant.

"Certainly he hasn't got swelled head," said the less successful.

For he could not talk about himself. For Himself lay in cushions, devoured of drugs and devils, heavy and white.

"Bulmer wants one," said Petwick.

"Ha!" said Trevarian, "I've one for him before I disappear."

"What do you mean?" asked Petwick staring.

"Before I go to my private hotel," replied Trevarian with gleaming eyes.

"Your private hotel—"

"Fool, to the lunatic asylum," said Trevarian swiftly. And Petwick sat open-eyed, quaking.

"Now then my Hand, my Pen, indite," said Trevarian mockingly. "My engineer, my mechanic, my *alter ego*, verb for my ego, play your instrument. I blow through you, cheating brass!"

He wrote their own story, and Petwick, overmastered, bent unremonstrant to the task, even when his blood chilled, and he stared over his machine at the unwieldy devil so fluent and magical in strange conceptions. And sometimes Trevarian stayed and cleared his mind swiftly with interjected explanations.

"Petwick, Hand of mine! you are mine and me. And Trevarian, I am Petwick—poor voice, unintelligent till I came and filled you and completed myself. D'ye hear? Go on! Go on!"

And as Petwick listened, he was absorbed and caught

into the infernal current of the dictating mind. He knew what was coming, and leapt by some imparted inspiration to unspoken phrases. Birth followed quick conception, and they whirled together to the end of the tragedy, now climbing into the sky like an awful mountain. The face of one was as the face of the other; their eyes gleamed and dilated; the blood left their pallid cheeks, and Petwick chorussed the flow of words. He ran before, and Trevarian heard him.

"What?" he cried furiously.

"I said, 'Who knows what the gods wrought before the foundation of the world,'" said Petwick.

Trevarian came over to him.

"And what comes after?"

"I know, I know," cried Petwick triumphantly. "For by this we suffer now!"

"Oh, thief, thief!" cried Trevarian, "but the end, the end!"

The Fool left the machine, and stood up before the Genius and spoke.

"Then sit and write it," said Trevarian, with a twitching face, and stranger twitchings of his right hand and arm. "Sit and write it."

He held his right hand in his left and fell back on the sofa. Petwick ran to him, but was repulsed almost with hate.

"The End, the End!" cried Trevarian angrily. And again the Fool sat down at his machine.

"What are you doing?" he asked, as he typed fast and faster.

"Nothing," said Trevarian, "nothing! Oh, that I had never seen you! Sweet friend, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?"

That Petwick wrote down, smiling. But when he looked up Trevarian was lying back in the cushions, and on the yellow silk was a widening band of crimson.

And the story for Bulmer was finished.

THE END



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: GRAVES OF MEN OF THE SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY

KILLED IN ACTION AT SHABKAD.

From a Photograph by Sergeant F. Mayo, R.E., Bengal Sappers and Miners.

the dead, wipe up the stains, and compose your guilty face, your pallid, uncourageous countenance."

He drove Petwick out, and the accomplice fell into his bed exhausted, limp, astounded; much afraid of his strange master.

Like other innocents, Petwick, unsuspecting of the abysses in unhealthy minds, had imagined he knew Trevarian when he had but strolled in the civilised geography of his inside world. Now Trevarian delighted to send him upon expeditions into the unexplored, where roamed monsters extinct in many men. In the *orbis terrarum* of the unmapped, uncharted creature he discovered things prehistoric, and stood aghast. This was a land of cannibals; this the home of a celestial race. Good and evil went hand-in-hand; devils worshipped at holy shrines; the holy danced unchastely under powerful spells, wrought by wizards in whose veins ran no human blood. He brought home from these travels odd and peculiar relics that made the untravelled wonder. His tales had a mighty vogue.

Petwick was fêted and half feared. His fellows stared at him with curiosity. This last story crowned him a genius and mad.

"It's like discovering a royal tomb of Pharaoh's in a Brixton boarding-house," said Bulmer. "But I suppose I must have one of them for the magazine, since so many confounded idiots have taken to asking me in postcards why I don't."

So he was civil to Petwick when they met, and as curious as others.

So strange a thing it seemed that the inconsiderable should spread like the Beanstalk, with a giant in the Garden.

"Give me one of your horrors," said Bulmer.

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THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

Jandol Valley.

Junction of Panjkora and Swat Rivers.

Kohimor Peak, 6000 ft. high.

Peshawar.

Jamrud.

Mamund Country.

Afghan Frontier.



VIEW FROM A PEAK 10,000 FT. HIGH AT THE HEAD OF THE SALARZAI VALLEY, WITH ITS TWO BRANCHES: LOOKING SOUTH OVER THE MAIN BAJAUR VALLEY.

From a Sketch by Mr. A. D. G. Gardyne.



INTERIOR OF SHABKADR FORT, WHICH WAS BESIEGED BY THE MOHMADS.

From a Photograph by Sergeant F. Mayo, R.E., Bengal Sappers and Miners.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

From Photographs by Sergeant F. Mayo, R.E., Bengal Sappers and Miners.



BENGAL SAPPERS AND MINERS OF THE SHABKADR COLUMN FERRING CAMELS
OVER THE KABUL RIVER AT ADAZAI.



13TH BENGAL CAVALRY AWAITING THE RETURN OF FERRY-BOATS.



SHANKERGARH VILLAGE, LOOTED AND BURNED BY MOHMANDS.



BRIDGE OF BOATS OVER THE KABUL RIVER BUILT BY THE BENGAL SAPPERS AND MINERS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

From Photographs by Sergeant F. Mayo, R.E., Bengal Sappers and Miners.



THE SHAKADR COLUMN: BENGAL SAPPERS AND MINERS LOADING TRANSPORT ON THE FERRY.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO SHABKADR FORT.

The gate of this fort is cut to pieces, where the enemy tried to effect an entrance.

LITERATURE.

"THE INVISIBLE MAN."

The Invisible Man: A Grotesque Romance, by H. G. Wells (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited), will greatly enhance the reputation of a very ingenious story-teller. Mr. Wells has a remarkable faculty of invention, and a still more remarkable gift of persuasion. You may read stories quite as original as "The Invisible Man," but when the excitement of the narrative is over, the glamour vanishes and common-sense resumes its sway. Mr. Wells's peculiarity is that he not only claims your attention when you are actually reading him, but exercises the same fascination over your subsequent reflections. The idea of an invisible man may be impossible, but Mr. Wells makes it credible, and even scientific. His readers will puzzle over it long after the actual story has receded into the background of memory. A student of chemistry and optics works out the theory that the blood can be decolorised, and the tissues of the body made transparent. He cannot raise the necessary funds except by crime; he carries on his experiments in secret, and the degradation of his moral nature, which is admirably indicated, makes him an outlaw in the midst of his triumph. He becomes invisible, but the discovery has its penalties. One is that he is transparent only when he is without clothing. In this condition he roams about London in winter, catching a violent cold. When he is dressed he is a perilously curious object, for his head has to be swathed in bandages; he wears a false nose, and, without gloves, he presents to the inquisitive the spectacle of empty sleeves. This dilemma would be serious even to the most astute and self-possessed of men; but Griffin has an evil temper, exasperated by unforeseen mishaps, and he speedily finds himself in such a position that he has to roam naked about Sussex, hunted by the whole population. All the incidents, now grotesque now tragic, spring naturally from the situation, and are related with unflagging dexterity. Most astonishing is the atmosphere of reality, of cold, hard facts, which gives the book the singular actuality that lingers in the mind. In this quality Mr. Wells has a signal advantage over his contemporaries who tell wondrous tales, and it is likely to carry him very far.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

British Central Africa. By Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B., etc. With six Maps and 220 Illustrations. (Methuen and Co.)
The New Terra. By Ansel Schulz, M.D., and August Hammar, C.L. With Map and Seveny Illustrations. (Heinemann.)
The Foreigner in the Farmyard. By Ernest Edwin Williams. (Heinemann.)

In these latter days, when occasions of offence are eagerly watched for, the British Empire has been fortunate in producing men who, in widening its boundaries, have made them more secure by tactful treatment of subject peoples. Among that honourable company, Sir Harry Johnston, whose cheery face smiles on us from the title-page of this fascinating volume, is in the front rank. A born wanderer, he found while still in early manhood worthy field for exercise of his all-round abilities and his great administrative talents as Commissioner and Consul-General of British Central Africa. It is the story of his skilful building-up of the "Cinderella among the Protectorates," as he calls that region, which is the main theme of his book. Able to supplement by pencil what his keen eye sees, deeply interested in the fauna and flora of the district, observant of native manners, customs, and beliefs, and, withal, keeping practical outlook on the needs of the trader and the settler, the result is a volume which is a perfect *vade mecum* for home and foreign use. A series of "set scenes and panoramas" of the country vividly depict man and his surroundings, and precede the story of the pluck and prescience which overcame giant obstacles in reducing a turbulent region to order. From diplomatic dealings with chiefs and extermination of slave-raiders, to the designing of a coat-of-arms of the Protectorate, a copy of which is emblazoned on the cover of this book, nothing was too great or too small to escape the directing hand of the brave and genial Commissioner. While every class of reader interested in the future of Africa will find suggestive matter in Sir Harry's book, we may call special attention to his chapter on mission work. What he says may not command itself to the overzealous, but it will have weight as the judicial and not unsympathetic opinion of a man who recognises the civilising influence which will be gratefully remembered by the new races of Africa when the sectarian fervour which prompted it shall long have been forgotten.

Events move so quickly in that continent that the story of an exploration undertaken twelve years ago has a certain flavour of ancient history. The Ioratian maxim as to locking up a manuscript for a certain term hardly applies in the present case, and whatever may be the causes which have deterred Messrs. Schulz and Hammar from publication of their narrative, it happily retains freshness from the fact that the region traversed by them—a wide district south of the Zambezi—remains practically unknown. Hostile tribes inhabit it; the white man's greed has little there on which to bathe; and only the sportsman is tempted to cross its difficult borders. And of records of sport this book is full, to the exclusion of matters of wider interest. However, the sameness of the contents of the bags is varied here and there by references to social life in Central South Africa. The introduction of the travellers to one potental through the good offices of a "Mr. Whiteley," sets the reader wondering for a moment whether the "Universal Provider" has opened a branch of the Westbourne Grove emporium in Khama's land. Among the illustrations there is a droll portrait of a Bushman woman and some excellent reproductions of Bushman rock and cave pictures which have long ranked

as valuable for comparison with prehistoric examples of savage art.

All that can be said for Protection is said with surprising force and refreshing frankness by Mr. E. E. Williams in his "The Foreigner in the Farmyard," but surely it is a mistake to hold out this forlorn hope to the farmer, and thereby divert him from an intelligent attempt to help himself? Mr. Williams has to admit the farmer's pig-headed indisposition even to consider, not to say adopt, the modes and measures which have enabled Denmark and other European, American, and Australian countries to beat him out of his own markets.

A LITERARY LETTER.

The announcement that there is to be a new literary journal, bearing the title of *Literature*, edited by Mr. H. D. Traill, and published under the auspices of our leading daily journal, is calculated to cause a flutter in literary circles. I sincerely wish the project every success. In the first place, we are all proud of the *Times* newspaper as a great national institution; in the second place, Mr. H. D. Traill is one of the most gifted critics of our time—and one likes to see a man of strong individuality guiding a journal for himself; in the third and last place, any addition to the literary journals of the day will add one further addition to our means of enjoying

people should think and judge for themselves than that they should have a few superior persons thinking for them.

Not less interesting than the literary side of Mr. Traill's new venture are its prospects considered commercially. Do the proprietors intend to rely upon publishers' advertisements, or will they make that side of the paper miscellaneous? The literary newspapers, from the point of view of book advertising, have had a severe time of late. In days gone by, the amount of money which each publisher was prepared to allot to advertising was distributed among very few journals. The great attention which daily papers have come of late years to devote to their advertising more widely. This has, of course, meant not a greater increase in a publisher's expenditure, but a great falling off in the revenue of individual newspapers. This new journal, *Literature*, will have to depend upon obtaining some of the advertisements which have hitherto been given to rival literary journals, upon persuading publishers still further to increase their revenue in that direction, or upon obtaining commercial advertisements, which, when once secured, are far more valuable than those of the publishers, but which publishers do not like to see mixed up with their book columns. Between these three possibilities I watch the outcome of this new venture on its commercial side with scarcely less interest than from its literary side. I am told that some publishers have pledged themselves to support it. In any case, I hope that the new journal has a long and successful career before it.

The October number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains an article by Mr. Henry Norman, entitled "The Wreck of Greece." Mr. Norman relates for the first time certain conversations which he had with the King of Greece, and throws much new light on the late war.

Mr. W. J. Stillman, the well-known correspondent of the *Times* in Rome, is now in London. He is about to publish a book dealing exhaustively with many phases of Italian social and political life in our own day. The book, which is entitled "Rome, Old and New," will be issued this month by Mr. Grant Richards. Meanwhile, I should like to call attention to a delightful little shilling book on squirrels, which Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster publish under the title of "Billy and Hans." The profits of this little volume go to the "Violet Home" for poor children requiring surgical treatment. Mr. Stillman is a devout lover of squirrels, and he here tells the story of two of his lost pets.

Among the many interesting facts which have transpired concerning Mr. R. H. Hutton in spite of his distaste for such "gossip," we learn that he did not care for Mr. George Meredith's novels, and was, indeed, very intolerant of them. This makes it noteworthy that a singularly just and eloquent appreciation of Mr. Meredith's writings appeared in the same issue of the *Spectator* as that which announced the death of its editor.

One of Mr. Hutton's strongest enthusiasms, on the other hand, was for Wordsworth's poetry. A recent number of the *Spectator* remarks that "we do not want our poets watered, not even when, as in Wordsworth's case, they assist in supplying the water themselves!"

The *Spectator's* depreciation is, of course, a paraphrase of a contemporary epigram on the Lake poets—

They dwelt at the Lakes, an appropriate quarter For poetry diluted with plenty of water.

It has long been known that Mr. Rider Haggard has a brother with literary inclinations. Colonel Haggard has written and published a number of short stories. The two brothers also have a sister, who has taken to literature. This is the Baroness d'Anethan, who is about to publish a novel. She is the wife of the Belgian Minister in Japan.

Mr. Marion Crawford's sister, Mrs. Fraser, who has recently written several striking stories, is the widow of a former British Minister to Japan.

Mr. John Nimmo is about to republish Miss Manning's delightful story, "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," to which the Rev. W. H. Hutton contributes an introduction, in which there is not quite sufficient about the author of the book—whose name, indeed, does not appear on the title-page. Miss Manning's "Deborah's Diary," which is also reprinted in Mr. Nimmo's handsome volume, is less well known than the "Mary Powell," but it is a natural sequel. I have no doubt that this beautifully printed book, with its charming illustrations by Mr. Herbert Railton, will have a great vogue in the Christmas season.

Mr. George Gissing has gone to Italy. He proposes to spend the winter in Siena.

Messrs. Innes and Co. are publishing a number of volumes of "Eighteenth Century Letters," edited by Mr. Brimley Johnson. The first volume, which will treat of the letters of Swift, Addison, and Steele, will contain an introduction by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. The second volume will contain the letters of Johnson and Lord Chesterfield. The book, of which I have received a specimen page, certainly bids fair to be nicely printed and nicely arranged, but I do not forget that a series of volumes of "Eighteenth Century Letters" was once projected by Bell and Son, and that this series never got beyond the first volume, although it was a very interesting volume indeed.

C. K. S.

Photo Frank Dicksee, Sloane Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXVIII.—MR. H. G. WELLS.

Mr. H. G. Wells, son of a professional cricketer, was born at Bromley in 1866. After making his mark as a student at the Royal College of Science, he became a schoolmaster, and then took to journalism, through which he attracted the notice of Mr. Henley. His first story, "The Time Machine" (1896), proved so great a success that he has taken entirely to novel-writing. The same year saw the issue of his "Stolen Bacillus" and "The Wonderful Visit." Last year he published "The Island of Doctor Moreau" and "The Wheels of Chance" (he is an enthusiastic cyclist). His most recent stories are "The Invisible Man," "The Plattner Story," and "The War of the Worlds."

life. I read with due regularity the literary columns of most of the London papers, particularly the chatty paragraphs conspicuous once a week in the evening journals, and which are also to be found in fair abundance in the columns of the great dailies. I study with equal zest the pages of the *Athenaeum*, the *Academy*, the *Literary World*, and the *Bookman*, the only four existing journals devoted to books.

My curiosity is considerably excited as to what Mr. Traill proposes to do. If he aspires merely to produce "a serious critical organ"—that is to say, long and solemn reviews of books—I do not think that success will attend his efforts. The one thing, in my judgment, he needs to show most eagerness for is news: prompt and brightly furnished information about the writers of the day and their coming achievements is what the public wants. We are not so much eager to know what Professor This or Professor That thinks about the latest novel or the latest history, as we are to be provided with a rough-and-ready statement of the book's main purpose. Books are now so cheap and so easily accessible, and a general critical instinct is now so common, that no one in the least cares what somebody else thinks about a book. A literary journal has got to tell us what are the general contents of that book, so that we may make up our minds whether we shall buy it or not. The day of the long review, entirely composed of individual opinion, is nearly over, just as the day of the leading article is nearly over, and although some of the old fogeys may think that this shows a deterioration in journalism, it does nothing of the kind. It is better that

NATURE IN OCTOBER.

October—as its name betrays—the eighth month in the Roman calendar, was called by our Saxon forefathers *Wiu-monath*, or vintage month, and its full moon was looked upon as the first of the winter—*Winter fylleth*.

It is in this month, if the weather be favourable, that the full magnificence of the autumn shows itself. Go and stand before some towering hill or lofty bank whose sides are clad with mingled deciduous trees, and let your eyes rest upon the gorgeous prospect in the afterglow of the year—"Nature's smile before she lies down to rest"—when the atmosphere is so clear, and the temperature so mild, that the earth seems as fresh and as joyous as in spring. What a glorious admixture of lemon and gold, of orange and crimson, of olives and browns, against the purple distance! It is only surpassed by the changing glories of the wonderful sunsets. There is a wealth of colour everywhere. Nature is kind even to the moorland hills, giving them warmth and tint with the yellow and brown of the fading bracken and the purple of the lingering heather.

But October is not by any means always like this. Sometimes it is rainy and misty, cold and sullen. Sometimes it is disturbed by stormy winds that sway the trees and scatter the foliage, leaving bare, black branches weeping over layers of dank decay, and the forest walks

the cub-hunter's pack scattering the young foxes from their summer haunts.

In an ordinary season the cornfields are now bare, and the farmsteads appear to much greater advantage, supplemented as they are with their huge stacks of corn and hay. The hum of the threshing-machine is heard. If the autumn has been a wet one, there may be some black shocks of corn here and there on the land, the victims of missed opportunity.

There is an old saying—

Dry your barley in October
Or you'll always be sober.

Most people are aware of the importance attached to the "October brewings."

The sloes, bullaces, damsons, and crab-apples will now be ripe or nearly so, and the country-people who go out to seek them find by the marks on the choicest fruits that the birds live around them. The hips have not yet been attacked by the blackbirds, and the haws are still untouched by the smaller songsters. Even when the redwings and the fieldfares arrive from their Scandinavian pine-woods shortly, and take possession of the hedgerows in throngs, the haws will remain if the winter be open. They only seem to be used as the last line of defence against starvation. The acorns and the beech-mast lie thickly on the ground, and the swine are turned out to eat them.

he is named—is too wide awake yet to be caught. He may be getting sleepy, and be arranging his winter bed in the centre of some sloe or hazel bush protected by briar or bramble thorns; but if you try to grasp the little grass ball within which he is coiled, he probably slips through it, and, looking up reproachfully at you with his beautiful dark eyes, disappears into the tangle, while you withdraw your scratched hand. Wasps and wild bees struggle hard for existence as the frosts come on. Some of them have secured safe winter quarters, but the others perish wholesale.

The hedgerows have begun to change their colour. Some thorn leaves turn yellow and some crimson. Those of the dogwood become red, those of the young hazels yellow. Then the leaves of the latter begin to fall to the ground. The young willows retain a few streamers at the top.

Wheat is sown, if possible, this month, and the gardener is seen banking up his celery if he wishes it to be crisp and sweet for Christmas. Rotting vegetation has also to be cleared away from the flower-beds.

Bees should be prepared for facing the winter. There is some debate, however, as to whether they are not, as a rule, coduled too much. The honey season, which commenced in April, was practically over in August, and as the produce has been appropriated, the producers must be fed with a sweetened liquor. They cannot live on air.



1. Origin of the Fire.

2. Barn on Mr. Eyles's Farm after the Fire.

3. Ruins of Some of the Cottages.

THE FIRE AT RAVENSTONE, NEAR NEWPORT-PAGNELL, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Drawn by W. D. Wollen, R.I.

all "choked and matted with the dreary shower." Then the joy of the month is gone.

It is much pleasanter to see the year have a placid and bright age, with the smile of the sun upon it, than to waken up some morning and find a soft, white rime on the landscape, and the dry, crisp leaves gently raining down upon the shrinking earth, that its life may ebb—

Beneath a shroud of russet dropped with gold.

Even then—

We watch the summer leaves and flowers decay,

And feel a sadness o'er the spirit thrown,

As if the beauty fading fast away

From Nature's scenes, would leave our souls more lone.

On the first of this month, pheasants become game for the gun. Many people are of opinion that sport would be promoted if the time were put forward to November, partridges shot in October, and grouse in September. In a late season the birds are not sufficiently mature by the dates fixed for shooting them, and in October the leaves are not yet down from the trees. If the pheasants were taken in hand in November, there would still be three months in which it would be legal to kill them. They are roused from their retreats by beaters with dogs, who enter the woods and drive them towards the guns. The brilliant creatures run along the ground, bewildered, till they are startled into the air. Then the expectant sportsmen, planted between the covers, bring them down, if they can, as they fly.

The fox-hunting districts are stirred by the sound of

berries and blossoms still linger on the brambles, but the fruit is not much gathered, as it has nothing like the flavour of the earlier growths.

All creatures are busy during this border-time between autumn and winter, feeding themselves into condition or storing up food for the adverse season. The flocks of wood-pigeons are still out in the fields, and great numbers of wood-pigeons are in the midst of the remaining stubbles. The rooks are giving their main attention to the worms in the pastures and to the acorns on the oaks. The pigeons will turn to the acorns when they have exhausted all the softened grains of corn that are lying about the fields. They also favour the cabbages and clovers.

Sheep are turned out into the stubbles, and find some nice feed there, while flocks of lapwings follow them. There is not much food ungleamed anywhere at the end of the winter, if we except the haws.

The summer bird-visitors are now gone, and the winter ones are coming. In October the flow of immigrants reaches its highest level. In addition to the redwings and the fieldfares, we have the hooded crows and woodcocks from the North, with golden plovers, and petrels, and migrating small birds, such as chaffinches and larks, seeking clemency by working South. There is also a general movement of the birds that remain in England towards districts that supply them best with food.

The squirrels may be seen making bundles of dry leaves with which to line their winter nests, and it is amusing to watch their little bursts of petulance if anything goes wrong. The dormouse—sleep-mouse though

The flowers are fast disappearing, the prettiest blooms remaining being a few Michaelmas daisies. The mosses and the lichens, however, are coming forward; and it is in October that field clubs organise their fungus forays. To those who have never given any attention to the varieties and uses of the fungi, a pleasure and an astonishment is in store.

THE FIRE NEAR NEWPORT-PAGNELL.

On Friday of last week the village of Ravenstone, Buckinghamshire, was devastated to about half its extent by a disastrous fire. The conflagration, which was caused by a spark from a threshing-mill, broke out in a barn at Mr. W. C. Eyles's farm. The thatch first caught fire, then the whole building; a rick went next, and so the fire spread rapidly to the adjoining cottages. The united supply of water brought by the villagers was powerless to cope with the swiftly growing flames, and very soon a quarter of the hamlet was burning. Riders were sent for the Olney Brigade, but when it arrived insufficient water frustrated the firemen's efforts; and when, later on, the Newport Brigade arrived, the same unfortunate circumstance rendered all attempts to extinguish the flames practically useless. Over one hundred cottagers were rendered homeless, but commodious house-room was found for these over the stables at Gayhurst House, the residence of Mr. W. W. Carlile, M.P. for the division. In many cases the victims had no time to save their belongings. There were many narrow escapes, but, fortunately, no loss of life.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: SHABKADR FORT ATTACKED BY TRIBESMEN, AUGUST 10.



VAUXHALL BRIDGE, SOON TO BE DEMOLISHED.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church Congress of 1897 began at Nottingham on Tuesday with four opening services, instead of the usual three. The preachers on these occasions were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Calcutta, the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, and the Bishop of Iowa. On Wednesday a novel feature was introduced into the Congress by an attempt to set before Church people the Solesmes method of singing the plain chant. A small choir of ladies, with cantors, trained by Mr. Harold Gibbs, sang the Solemn Mass, and also Evensong, at St. Mathias'. The choir was heard on the following days at Sneinton and St. John's, Leen Side, and again at St. Mathias'. To-day they sing a concluding Mass at St. Albans'. Thursday evening's meeting for working-men was addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Rochester, Canon Winnington-Ingram, and Lord Hugh Cecil.

By the appointment of Dr. Browne to Bristol, the Suffragan Bishopric of Stepney falls vacant. Another

who, recognising the enormous task before the London School Board, will seek to do it and refuse to spend their days in wrangling over one department of its work. Unless Churchmen are content with the inevitable compromise, "sooner or later the great mass of the electors will find a solution by returning a secular majority to power."

The Council of Plymouth have promptly and decisively rejected the proposal to hold Sunday concerts in the town under the patronage of the Corporation. A powerful and effective opposition, resulting in the appearance before the Council of deputations representing the Church of England, the Wesleyans, and others, prevailed.

It will be learned with pleasure that Bishop Westcott's health has already materially improved.

An unusual and pleasing incident has taken place at Thames Ditton. The Rev. E. H. Rogers, after labouring in the parish for thirty-seven years, was presented by the Nonconformists of the village with a handsome testimonial

Dean to the tune "Moriah," from the Calvinistic Methodist tune-book.

It is proposed to supplant "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" by a new and watered-down edition, with the apparent intention of eliminating everything that may be objectionable to anyone calling himself an English Churchman in the hope that it may be officially recognised as the one and only authorised hymn-book of the English Church. A circular has been sent about by the proprietors to a limited number of persons. The extreme High Church party say that if the compromise of the present book is abandoned, a decidedly Catholic book will be proposed. A committee is being formed, and a meeting will be held to consider the best means of opposing the suggested alterations.

The stand erected round the fabric of St. Clement Danes Church for the Jubilee realised £5750, to which legally the rector is entitled. He has decided, however, to give the whole amount for the purpose of the complete restoration of both the exterior and the interior of the

Mr. S. J. T. Lynch.

Mr. J. T. Ward.

Rev. A. C. Beekton.

Mr. T. L. K. Edge.

Mr. H. E. Thornton.

Mr. D. O. S. Ransom



Rev. H. A. Gem.

Canon Singleton.

Bishop of Southwell.

Archdeacon of Nottingham.

Rev. R. Holden.

Canon Ferris.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NOTTINGHAM: A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP.

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

suffragan see, that of Dover, is also vacated by the designation of Dr. Eden to Wakefield. As to the question of successors, although several names are mentioned, nothing authoritative can as yet be stated. The Bishop of Stepney will vacate his canonry at St. Paul's on his confirmation as Bishop of Bristol, which ceremony takes place at Bow Church on Saturday, Oct. 23.

There is still a great deal of feeling about the treatment of Canon Streetfeild over the vicarage of Clifton. There is reason to believe that the vast majority of the actual parishioners who are Church people think that the man, and not the garment, is the chief consideration. The *Record* quotes two significant passages from the charge of Mr. Simeon to his trustees. They are urged to elect no one who has not a perfectly independent mind, and they are also told to be particularly on their guard against petitions from the parishes to be provided for.

The Voluntary Schools Defence Union has been called nothing more than an agency for the support of Mr. Riley's position in the London School Board contest. The whole policy of the High Churchmen is declared by the leading Evangelical journal to be a blunder. Men must be found

in recognition of his friendly relations with them during his ministrations.

Complaints are made that at the festival of the Three Choirs at Hereford placards were posted about the Cathedral enjoining due regard for the House of God. This has been called a strong reflection on the teaching which has for a thousand years taught reverence on the same spot, and entirely superfluous. It is asserted in reply that the festival has now become a society function ranking with Ascot and Henley, and the other movable feasts of the calendar of fashion. The choicest seats go to the richest applicants. The Cathedrals are changed into concert-halls, and everything is done to efface the sentiment and even the very appearance of a place of worship.

Yet another festival is announced for a cathedral—this time a Welsh one. Dean Howell, of St. David's, has arranged a typical Welsh musical festival, to be held next summer. The programme, which is already announced, will contain "Dewi Sant," Mr. David Jenkins's masterpiece, of which the final scene is laid in St. David's ancient fane. There will also be performed a hymn written by the

church. The scheme of restoration would include the introduction of electric light, repairing the organ, restoring the altar, and the restoring of a chest in which the deeds of the church were deposited many hundreds of years ago.

October 12 will see the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Church of Emmanuel at Exeter. The ceremony will be performed by General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., who is lord of the manor, and patron of the mother church. Among the many distinguished Devonians who have promised to assist will be the Earl of Devon, the Bishop of Exeter, and Sir George Williams. The last named, whose son, the Rev. Hitchcock Williams, is to be the first vicar, has, with his well-known munificence, given £3000 towards the building fund.

Canon Gore is now visiting America. He is said by the American papers to be the head of the Order of the Resurrectionists, composed of Episcopalian priests who have taken the vow of celibacy for a term of years. The vow is taken not for doctrinal reasons, but to secure greater efficiency in service. The headquarters of the order in the United States will be at Boston, and it is said that the Rev. Charles H. Brent will be the Superior.—V.



"THE WHITE HEATHER," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE: THE SUBMARINE DUEL.

The most realistic and sensational scene ever devised for a Drury Lane autumn drama. Lord Angus Cameron, the villain, disguised as a diver, is confronted at the bottom of the sea by a humble admirer of the heroine. The two men wage a desperate conflict, which ends in the villain's death by asphyxiation, his adversary having severed the air-tube of his diving dress.



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE. THE DESCENT OF CHILKOOT PASS.



A PARISH COUNCIL.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I have often wondered why Carlyle, or Michelet, or Ranke, or, for the matter of that, some other great historian, has never written a monograph on "Lucky in History." The subject has suggested itself to me more than once, but seldom more temptingly than within the last few weeks. Fortunately for myself, I am absolutely proof against certain temptations; I do not belong to the category of "cocksure" individuals who aver that "one never knows what one can do until one tries." To write an essay of that kind requires not only an encyclopedic knowledge of the world's events, but an intimate acquaintance with the private lives and characters of those who jointly or separately created those events or helped to shape them after they were created. The writer must, moreover, be either a profound philosopher or an unquestioning believer in the inexorable designs of Providence—i.e., he must be prepared to trace every great historical drama or comedy backward to its primary causes, or fling logic to the wind, and say that God willed those things from "the very first," and that God does not revise His original scheme for the governing of the universe. I need scarcely say that I know myself to be utterly deficient in both those qualities of learning—logic and belief.

Epigrams would not be of the slightest avail in lieu of research or as a confession of faith. Pascal's dictum, for instance, to the effect that "if Cleopatra's nose had been different from what it was, the whole history of the world would have been changed," contains, no doubt, an atom of truth as far as the conquests of Rome were concerned, but the atom does not represent a millionth part of the whole. Balzac's attempt to account for the downfall of the Stuarts in one line does not strike one as being more to the point. "If James I. was the son of Rizzio and not of Darnley, all the misfortunes that have befallen the Stuarts are the visitation of God's justice." This is laying the blame jointly on Providence, the hump-backed David, and Mary; while, in fact, if anyone was to blame at all for Mary's error and its consequences, it was Elizabeth, who forced that young "jacksonian" of a Darnley as a husband on her kinswoman. Milton, who was both a poet, a philosopher, and a God-fearing man, refused to make Providence the responsible author for purely human-made historical dramas. When the Duke of York, afterwards James II., asked him if he did not think that his (Milton's) blindness was the Almighty's punishment for Milton's behaviour to James's father, the poet replied, "What must your father have done? God only took my sight; He took your father's head."

All this has recurred to me; first, on the occasion of King Oscar the Second's Silver Jubilee; secondly, during the last few days in connection with Wilhelm the Second's visit to Francis Joseph and the doings at Budapest. I am not going to join in the senseless outcry, mainly bred from ignorance and jingoism, against the German Emperor; but it is neither detracting from his merits nor emphasising his defects to question his superiority over his host, whether as a ruler or as a private gentleman. Without libelling the dead, the same might be said with regard to Wilhelm's immediate ancestors. Wilhelm I. and his son Frederick were certainly not more intelligent in State matters or more amiable in their private relations than is Francis Joseph.

Yet the latter appears to have had all the "bad luck," and the others all the "good fortune." In spite of Blücher and his predecessors, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, Prussia cut no means an important figure at the Congress of Vienna. In fact, if I remember rightly, Blücher was not even there. Although Austria had not contributed actively to the overthrow of Napoleon, Austria held the hegemony of Germany until the appearance of Bismarck on the scene. But though playing only second fiddle in the Fatherland, the Hohenzollers were happier than the Hapsburgs. Their (the Hohenzollers') subjects did not trouble them half as much as those of the Hapsburgs did. Friedrich-Wilhelm IV. had a much easier task in quelling the Revolution of '48 in his States than had young Francis Joseph, who had just ascended the throne, in dealing with the Hungarians. Louis Philippe, who had a good deal more brains than the King of Prussia, and certainly as much as the Austrian, failed to deal with his subjects at all. Was it because the Hohenzollers had "luck" and the others had not? Perhaps. The armies of Napoleon III. in 1859 were unquestionably inferior to those of Austria, and the allies of France—not to put too fine a point upon it—counted for very little; yet Austria was defeated and had to give up some of her Italian possessions, while Victor Emmanuel increased his, and France took Nice and Savoy.

Austria helped Prussia to despoil Denmark. Prussia got Schleswig-Holstein and Austria got "prugeln" in 1866. Her position in Europe was only morally reduced by her defeat, but, curiously enough, her victory at Custozza was atoned for by the loss of another slice of territory. It seemed, at the first blush, a piece of bad luck for Prussia when one of her Princes failed to secure the Spanish throne. The piece of bad luck turned out to be the biggest slice of luck recorded in modern history. It finally gave Wilhelm I. the title of Emperor, and practically—though not nominally—Alsace-Lorraine.

An Austrian Prince also endeavoured to found a new empire—it cost him his life. Francis Joseph is an excellent husband and father; there are no little escapades in his life such as those that were whispered about Wilhelm I. Yet Augusta of Saxe-Weimar doted on him, while it is an open secret that Francis Joseph's married life has not been a happy one. The Emperor Frederick's death was a sad but natural one. What shall we say for Rudolph of Hapsburg's? And at the present moment the Austrian Emperor, notwithstanding many concessions, is beset by difficulties at home. We do not say that Wilhelm II. is entirely free from them. Yet he appears to cope with them, while the other seems to fail. Is it luck? Carlyle could have explained. I cannot.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

THOMAS E. LAURENT (Bombay).—The problem for which you think you have a second solution was one of the most difficult we ever published and you share the fate of many skillful solvers in failing to find the correct attack. The defence to your proposed solution is P takes R P, followed by B takes P.

G DOUGLAS ANGUS.—Thanks for the amended diagram, which we hope to find correct.

E BERGERON (Cardiff).—Your problems shall be examined and reported upon.

ZETA (Framlingham, Mass., U.S.A.).—We will examine the corrected version with pleasure.

F W ANDREW.—Very good. It is marked for early insertion.

ANGELICA FERREIRA (Bombay).—In your problem White can play 2. K to K7th, which is as effective as your own continuation.

W H L L.—Black play 1. K to Q5th, you say 2. Q to K6th (ch), but if I takes Q we see no mate next move.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2779 received from Corporal G A Gilbert (Penang); to No. 2780 from W R James (Bangalore); to No. 2784 from Roi Armand de Rosset Marceau (Mount Vernon, U.S.A.); to No. 2785 from M. L. L. L. (Bolton); John E. Synott (Hoboken); Dr. F. S. H. G. Swindens (Bridport); Miss D. Gregson (Buxton); Rev. G. R. Sowell (St. Austell); Captain J. A. Challacombe (Great Yarmouth); C E M. (Ayr); Edith Corser (Reigate); J. Lake Ralph, T. V. Fenwick (Prague); Miss D. Gregson (Buxton); E G Boys, C E II (Clifton); and E B Foard (Cheltenham).

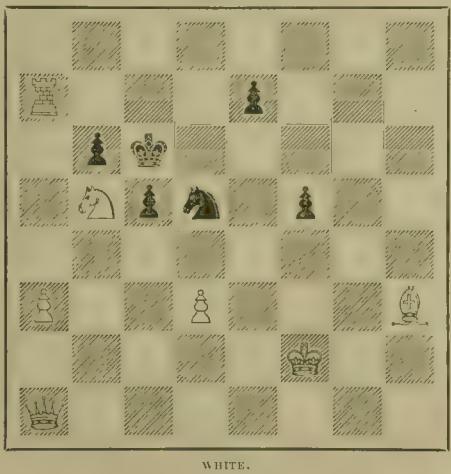
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2788 received from T. Datty (Colchester); Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), C H (Clinton), H D' O' BERNARD, F A Carter, G Swindens (Bridport); Miss D. Gregson, E G Boys, J. Lake Ralph, H F. Brooks, F. Hammond (Waddington), G Birnbach (Berlin), Dr. F. S. H. G. Swindens (Bridport); John E. Synott (Hoboken); Rev. G. R. Sowell (Portsmouth); Shadforth, N. J. Cole, M. Anderson, E Loudon, Edward A. Sharpe, J. D. Tuck (Ukley), Thomas Harrington, Bluet, John G. Lord (Castleton), F Hooper (Putney), F W C (Edgbaston), C M O (Buxton), L. Desanges, Joseph Willcock (Chester), G Hawkins (Camberwell), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Dr. Walz (Heidelberg), T G (Ware), C E PERUGINI, R. WORTERS (Canterbury), Sorrento, J. Bailey (Newark), T. Roberts, and W P K (Clevedon).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2787.—By JEFF ALLEN.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K3rd. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2790.—By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Berlin Tournament between Messrs. A. ZINKL and S. ALAPIN.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. Z.) BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to Q4th P to Q4th
2. P to Q4th P to K3rd
3. Kt to Q B3rd P to Q K3rd
4. It is usual to defer this move, first developing and Castling, etc.
5. Kt to K3rd B to K2nd
6. Kt to K3rd Kt to K2nd
7. P takes P P takes P
8. B to Q3rd Kt to K2nd
9. P to Q K3rd Castles
10. B to K2nd P to Q4th
11. R to Q B sq R to Q B sq
12. Q to K2nd R to K2nd
13. Kt to K3rd B to K2nd
14. B to K2nd Q to K2nd
15. P to K K3rd P to B5th
16. Kt to Q5th P takes P
17. Kt takes B It was apparently White's aim to exchange, and this leads him into trouble, as will be seen.
18. P takes P Q takes Kt
19. Kt to Q2nd Kt to K3rd
20. B takes Kt Kt takes B
21. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt
22. R takes R R takes R
23. B to K2nd R to K2nd
24. B to K2nd R to K2nd
25. Q to K5th Q to Q B3rd
26. Q takes Q B takes Q
27. R to R3rd B to Q4th
28. P to Q K4th

WHITE (Mr. Z.) BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K4th P to K3rd
2. P to Q4th P to Q4th
3. Kt to Q B3rd P to Q K3rd
4. It is most unfortunate necessity, as there is no outlet for his Bishop. But it dare not lose the Pawn.
5. Kt to K3rd Kt to B sq
6. Kt to K2nd Kt to B sq
7. P to K4th P to K4th
8. B to Q4th P to K4th
9. Kt to K3rd Kt to B sq
10. Kt to K2nd Kt to B sq
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LADIES' PAGE.

E R H S.

I have just seen a new sort of boa that pleases me very much: it is quite flat, made of ermine and tied into a broad bow in the front with short ends fringed with ermine tails. Ermine is the joy of the life of the Parisians, and we shall, no doubt, follow their enthusiastic lead in this devotion. It is a very becoming fur, and it wears sufficiently well, but should only be used as a lining or as a trimming. A whole coat of ermine would be distinctly hideous, and not to be recognised for a moment; however, its influence on the dark sealskin coat or the dark cloth jacket is alike beneficial, and these boas will, no doubt, receive the popularity they deserve. They need completion by a muff, not necessarily made of ermine, but certainly showing a little trimming of this; it may have a velvet centre or a sealskin centre, and just bear a border and lining of ermine. The latest idea is to make the muffs in a long narrow form, irreverently termed the "sausage" shape, but well comprehended by that description. These are not only made of fur but of velvet, and the most popular of colours are deep tawny orange and dull Wedgwood blue. It will be necessary, of course, in the near future that the toques should match the muffs and the bows, and I observe that small felt and cloth hats are to have as much affection lavished upon them as the toques of yesteryear.

The new felt hats are narrow, the brim turning up at the back, slanting a little downward in the front, boasting beef-eater crowns, and being trimmed with fearsome-looking birds of the pheasant tribe that are certainly not of pure breed. Speckled wings and quills of all descriptions are much in evidence, these shading mostly to the brown tones, and looking well on hats of coloured velvet or hats to match. The latest novelty in felt hats is of biscuit tone, trimmed with grey feathers; these feathers taking the form of fluffy quills, and spreading outwards at wild angles. The combination of colour is very curious, the biscuit colour with the grey; but, being a novelty, it must be reckoned attractive. I saw a very charming cloth dress showing this combination of colour. The dress was of grey, the bodice was made to overhang the belt and show a waistcoat of biscuit-coloured cloth braided in grey; oxidised silver buttons were used to trim it, and a small cravat of cream-coloured lace fell from a cream satin collar-band at the neck. The skirt hung softly from the hips to the hem, and was trimmed on the edge with three

glaceé trimmed with braces of black guipure, and bearing at the neck a tie of ivory chiffon with kilted ends edged with black lace, the collar-band being made of one fold of gold galloon and one of emerald green silk.

Just a touch of colour in the collar-band is a mania with the Parisians just now. Their dresses are entirely of one shade, and at the neck they will add some vivid hue bearing no relationship to the tone of the gown, yet somehow striking a harmonious note. The Parisians do understand the art of colour; there is no doubt about that; and delicious effects are achieved by a touch of turquoise blue on the collar of a hyacinth cloth gown, and with a collar of light green on a dress of dark red like that one I have just described; while rose pink looks charming with gold galloon beneath to finish a black dress. The best of the collar-bands this year are made straight in the front, with pieces of satin turned over at the back, these being shaped, not frilled, yet standing out at the neck. We still continue to wear the neckties tied in the front, but the linen collars have given place to those of muslin or of lawn and lace, and the most popular ties are those of plaid in a soft make of silk.

Now let me tell you of a capital selection of tweeds and serges that can be obtained from Egerton Burnett, of Wellington, Somerset. I have just been investigating with much interest a box of their new patterns, finding among them some excellent tweeds for cycling and some little checked stuffs for everyday dresses, which go by the name of the "Goodwin," and under any other name would please me just as much. This "Goodwin" in black and green plaid for 2s. 11½d. a yard is really a most advisable purchase for an autumn costume. And a remarkable bargain is the "Belsize," at 1s. 9d. a yard. This is tweed procurably either in grey or in dun brown, labelled for cycling or extra strong wear. A nice manly check is the "Edinburgh," particularly attractive in chestnut hue; and the "Norfolk" is a most worthy stuff, being specially admirable in dark red, with a herring-bone pattern upon it in black. There is a first-class quality of habit cloth, fifty-two inches wide, known under the name of the "Duchess," at 4s. 11d. a yard, which might be called upon to make costumes of any description; and the blue serges and grey serges appear at all prices, from 1s. 11½d. upwards. Egerton Burnett's serges may speak for themselves after all these years, and may be had on demand from Wellington, Somerset.

But let me describe the illustrations—I am always leaving them to the last. The one shows a costume of dark blue rep trimmed with dark green velvet and braidings of black and tinsel. Its details may be left to any intelligent observer. The other picture represents a cloak of grey cloth; the pouched fronts are edged with chinchilla. The triple sleeves are bordered with rows of braid, while round the waist is a belt of black satin fastened with a jewelled buckle, jewelled clasps holding the long black satin ribbons which hang from neck to hem.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

The engagement of Chinamen as domestic servants has been suggested as a means of relieving our maid-servant famine. The Chinese man is, indeed, established as a domestic in Australia and California. But there are grave objections to John Chinaman, he is anything but clean in his general habits, and he has been known to demoralise the children of a house in a shocking way. The latest suggestion of a correspondent of the *Times* to a British housewife is to try Armenian men as servants, to do ordinary housework and cooking. This experiment, too, has been already made in America, and with great success. It seems that the Armenian men are accustomed to do a good deal of housework in their own native homes, and that they are very willing to learn the unaccustomed ways and habits of another nation, and do their work well. A number of American mistresses bear testimony to the willingness and general trustworthiness of these new servants.

There is something in a name. It was mentioned at a recent meeting of the Lambeth Board of Guardians that they had found it impossible to get any girls to apply for situations as "general servants," but that on the term (for exactly the same duties) being altered to "ward-maid," plenty of applications were received. The name "servant" has long ago vanished in America, "help" being always substituted.

Fran Schepeler-Lette, the head of the "Lette-Verein" at Berlin, has just died at the age of sixty-seven. She was the daughter of the founder of the institution, and retained his name on her marriage with that of her husband in front of it. Dr. Lett started the "Verein" in 1865 as a training school for girls of the poorer middle class who needed a wage-earning occupation. He founded, in connection with the "Verein," classes in art, including engraving and lithography; in commercial subjects, so as to fit the pupils for clerkships; and in lighter industrial occupations, such as typesetting, watchmaking, bookbinding, and others. Dépôts for the sale and ordering of work were opened, and an employment bureau was organised. From the first the institution enjoyed the patronage and active assistance of the then Crown Princess, now the Empress Frederick. She gave a subscription to be announced at the initial meeting of the society, and allowed her name to be used as patroness. It was at her suggestion that a bazaar to provide funds was held in the second year of the "Verein's" existence, and she personally superintended the arrangements and sent pictures of her own painting to be sold. This gracious personal help left the stronger impression of gratitude in the minds of those

concerned, because her Imperial Highness was then in her first mourning for her lost baby, Prince Sigismund.

A feature of the "Lette-Verein's" work now is precisely what I urged the need of here last week—a domestic school. It was at first called a "servants' school," but even in practical Germany objections were raised to the name, and it was altered to "household school," a really



A GREY CLOTH CLOAK.

better title, because it allows of girls whose lot in life will probably be that of guiding and directing a house as mistresses joining the classes with those of humbler station. The household school course lasts seven months, and the subjects taught are cooking, washing and ironing, dress cutting and making, and hair-dressing. Connected with it is a ladies' restaurant, and there is also a boarding-house for women only (das Victorinstift), for which the pupils of the household school do the cooking. Another feature of the "Lette-Verein" is a lending bank, from which advances of small sums on reasonable terms are made to women to enable them to enter on businesses in which they show that they have a chance of succeeding, or for the purchase of a sewing-machine or other tools. "The number of those benefited in the thirty years of the society's existence is counted by thousands," wrote Frau Schepeler-Lette in the article from which I gather these particulars; "and besides the work of the Berlin office, similar societies have been started in a great many other German towns, modelled on this one and supplied with teachers trained by us." The "Lette-Verein" was in the beginning confessedly modelled on the London "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women," but soon, as will be seen, outstripped its pattern.

Dr. Farquharson, M.P., in opening the Congress of the Sanitary Institute, demurred to the theory that the increase of nerve diseases and weaknesses is due to the competition and stress of an overcrowded age. He points out that it is, in fact, not the busy people so much as those who do nothing who suffer from nerve complaints: "Not the strenuous workers in the hive, but the drones who, more by chance than design, and from lack of opportunity rather than deliberate idleness, lose the healthy stimulus of occupation, and spend their time in that most wearisome of human occupations, trying to kill it." Few doctors will question that this is so with women; that those most likely to suffer from "nerves" are not the workers (hard though work often is to do), but the listless and unoccupied. Many women, indeed, are so constituted as to find plenty to do in trifles, but for the active-bruised and naturally capable girl these do not suffice, and strenuous work is needful for her health.

Perfume is so much a matter of individual fancy that it is impossible to tell whether a new scent will obtain wide acceptance. Messrs. Atkinson, the well-known perfumers of 24, Old Bond Street, must, at any rate, be credited with producing quite a novelty in their latest production, to which they give the name of "Aoline." It comes in the form of an essence for the handkerchief, a toilet cream, a face-powder, and a soap, the characteristic scent appearing in all. It is rather of the character of a toilet vinegar than of the perfect sweetness of many perfumes. It is refreshing, and gives a sense of cool and clean atmospheric surroundings in a hot and crowded room. The cream is good for tan, sunburn, and chapping, and the odour it leaves is very delicate and unobjectionable. The soap and powder also both seem very nice; indeed, the makers' name is a guarantee of purity and excellence.—F. F. M.



COSTUME OF DARK BLUE REP.

tucks of grey cloth, each one headed by a braiding. And in the company of this I met an excellent gown of dark red cloth, with the skirt showing braids round the back from the waist to the hem, these terminating either side of the front seam. The coat was of the sac-description back and front, the shoulder-seams being elongated to form epaulettes; and those with the jacket itself were entirely covered with lines of braiding, while the sleeves were made of the plain cloth. This was lined throughout with ivory-white satin, and the bodice was of a red-and-white shot



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, with a codicil (both dated Oct. 19, 1894), of Mr. George Gordon Macrae, J.P., of Beechfield, Hartfield, Chester, who died on June 16 last, has been proved at the Chester District Registry by Alfred Billson, M.P., and Arthur Lionel Woodhouse, the cousin, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £220,619. The testator bequeaths £1000 and his leasehold house Beechfield, with the furniture, plate, household effects (except pictures and objects of art), carriages and horses, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Jessie Macrae; £300 to Alfred Billson; £3500 to his cousin Arthur Lionel Woodhouse; £5000, upon trust, for his cousin Hannah Shore, for life, and then to her children; £1000 each to the Royal Infirmary (Liverpool); the Seaman's Orphanage (Liverpool), and the Blue Coat School (Liverpool); £1000 to Eliza Meteyard; £2500 each to his cousins Alice and Cecilia Woodhouse; and legacies to servants. He devises The Uplands, with the furniture and household effects therein (except pictures and objects of art), to his cousin Hannah Shore. His wife is to have the use and enjoyment of his pictures and objects of art during her life, and she is to be at liberty to dispose of them as she may think fit, but any remaining at her death are to go as heirlooms with Norley Hall, Frodsham, the residence of his cousin, Samuel Henry Woodhouse. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, during her life, and at her decease as to one third thereof to his godson, Edward Mostyn Woodhouse; one third to the children of his cousin, Samuel Henry Woodhouse, and the remaining one third is to be divided into three portions, one of which he gives to the children of John Forbes Woodhouse, one to the children of Frederick William Woodhouse, and the remaining one portion to the children of Blanche Cordelia Courtney.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1892) of Mr. Joseph Toward Eltringham, of Eastgarth, Westoe, Durham, ship-builder, who died on June 20, has been proved in the Durham District Registry by Mrs. Eleanor Eltringham, the widow, Harry Eltringham, the son, and Durham Walker Fitzgerald, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £112,059. Subject to the legacy of £1000 to his wife, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to her during such time as she shall remain his widow, but should she again marry she is to receive £500 per annum. At her death or remarriage he gives £30,000 to his son Harry; £20,000 each to his sons Alan and Hugh Cyril; £10,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, and the ultimate residue between all his children as tenants in common.

The Irish letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Patrick Egan, of Tullamore, merchant, who died on May 4, granted at Dublin on July 29 to George A. Moorhead, J.P., the guardian to the infant children, has just been recorded in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £79,644.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1872), with a codicil (dated Nov. 6, 1890), of Mr. Claudius Francis Du Pasquier,

F.R.C.S., of Clifton House, Church Road, Upper Norwood, and formerly of 62, Pall Mall, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Sept. 17 by Mrs. Martha Ellen Du Pasquier, the widow, and Charles Arthur Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £49,830. The testator gives £1000, upon trust, for his brother, John McMahon Du Pasquier; £100 each to George Humby and Edward Tegart; £500 each to his sisters, Mary Amelia Du Pasquier and Catherine Harriett Blomfield Collison; and £200 each to his cousin Jane Begley and Charles Arthur Jones. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1895) of Mr. John Prior Patman, of 54, The Drive, Hove, Brighton, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Sept. 18 by Mrs. Fanny Margaretta Patman, the widow, Henry Robert Chasty Hurlford, and William Christopher Higgins Burne, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £18,370. The testator gives £300 to his wife, and an annuity of £200 to his sisters, Charlotte Anne Patman and Frances Elizabeth Patman, and the survivor of them. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1887) of Mr. Henry Bellingham, of Rye, Sussex, banker, who died on Aug. 2, was proved on Sept. 18 by John Symonds Vidler and Walter Daws, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,376. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Helen Bellingham, the use of his household furniture, plate, etc., and an annuity of £200. Subject thereto he leaves all his property to his children in equal shares.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of the Hon. Herbert Bowes-Lyon, D.L., of Members' Mansions, Victoria Street, who died on April 14, intestate, have been granted to the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, the father and next of kin, the value of the personal estate being £15,853.

The will of Sir Henry St. John Halford, Bart., C.B., J.P., D.L., of Wistow Hall, Leicester, who died on Jan. 4, has been proved in the Leicester District Registry by Jonathan Glover and George Rowlett, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £6938.

The will and two codicils of Dame Elizabeth Ursula Halford, widow, of Wistow Hall, who died on Jan. 30, have been proved in the Leicester District Registry by Jonathan Glover, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £6054.

The will of Admiral William Knighton Stephens, of Westcombe, Ilfracombe, Devon, who died on July 10, was proved on Sept. 15 by Thomas Bedford Bolitho, M.P., the nephew, and Walter Henry Borlase, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3729.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Podmore Clark, of Chescombe Lodge, Dudham Down, Bristol, formerly of Kegworth, Leicestershire, who died on March 18, has been proved by Frederick Joseph Clark, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £5200.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"FRANCILLON," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

The younger Dumas has this occasional failing as a playwright: he starts his problem-dramas with the most daring theories, but often, unlike Ibsen, he contrives to shirk their logical conclusion. The case of "La Femme de Claude," is settled on a mere side issue. "Francillon," again, is a case in point. Here (where, as usual with Dumas, polygamic and monogamic ideals are in conflict) the wife expresses her determination to retaliate on an unfaithful husband. We know what a good theme that very subject, honestly worked out, proved for Mr. H. A. Jones in "Rebellious Susan." But with M. Dumas all this talk of retaliation is just a pretence; all the agony is unconvincing, and the many moral disquisitions delivered from all points of view on marital relationship but accentuate the unreality of the situation. It only needs, in fact, a misinterpretation of the leading rôle to reduce this would-be serious comedy to the level of a not too delicate vaudeville. Let Francillon deceive her audience, let them imagine this pure and devoted wife to have actually taken her revenge, and you have something like a thrilling story. But once you are let into the secret, and by neds and winks and leers your actress shows you that the whole business is a joke, then all your interest in the play is gone. Now, such is the attitude of Mrs. Brown Potter, a player intelligent enough, but quite mistaken in this instance. Under her hands poor Francine becomes a mere cocotte, endowed with the most tiresome mannerisms and the most extravagant dresses. Mr. Bellew's adaptation, too, does not mend matters when, in strict accord with the farcical character of the representation, he makes Francillon confess the truth not to her bosom friend, the Baroness, but to her worthless husband. Such admirable artists as Mr. Kyrie Bellew, Mr. Arthur Elwood, and Miss Vane, as well as a pretty *ingénue* in the person of Miss Grace Noble, are wasted on the production: we should prefer to see them in some more vertebrate and less mechanical drama.

William A. Barry, of England, and George Towns, of Australia, rowed a well-contested race on Sept. 27 from Putney to Mortlake for £100 a-side. Victory was doubtful until within twenty-five yards of the winning-post, when Towns finally drew ahead and finished three-quarters of a length to the good. His time was 22 min. 34 sec.

The fifty-second volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," which takes us down to the unromantic surname Smirke, is notable for its biographies of the Shelleys, written by Dr. Garnett; of the Sheldons, by Mr. Fraser Rae; and of Sir Philip Sidney, whom Mr. Sidney Lee treats at very great length. Dr. Garnett's conclusion on Shelley is that, despite his limitations, no modern poet, unless it be Wordsworth, has so deeply influenced English poetry. The up-to-dateness of the Dictionary is shown by the inclusion of Sir John Skelton, who died last July.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH

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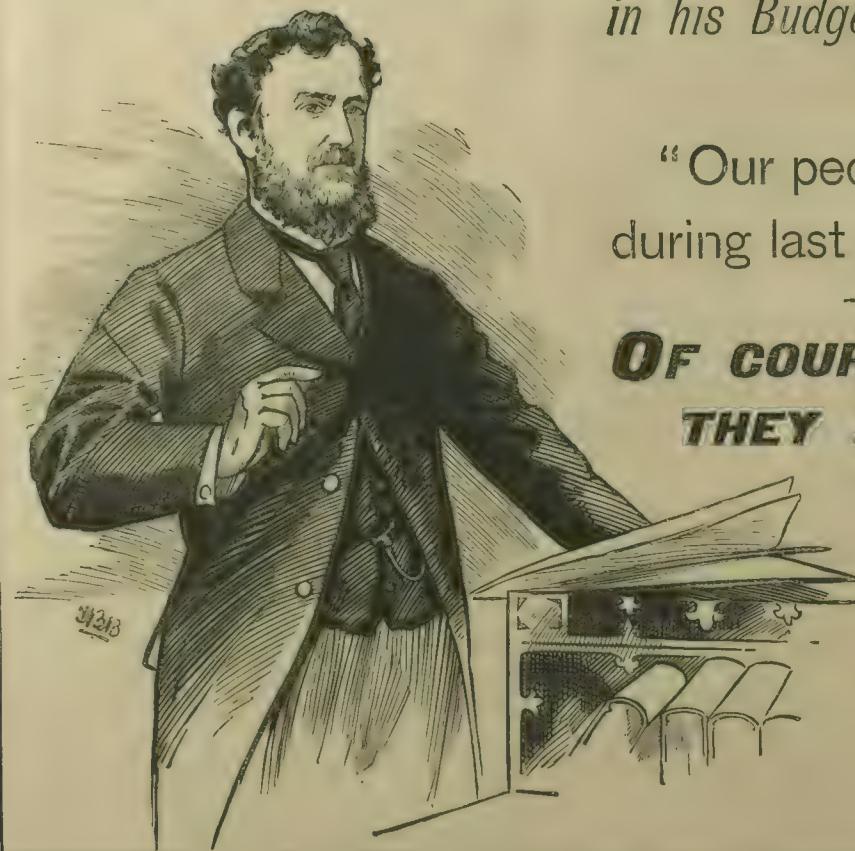
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THE DEPARTURE OF THE GUARDS.

The 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards left Pirbright for Gibraltar on Tuesday, and by this time are at the Rock. The new departure will be watched with interest. With the exception of the visit of the 2nd Battalion to Bermuda some six years ago (for disciplinary purposes), no battalion of Guards has been sent on foreign service, except in time of war, since 1862, when the 1st Grenadiers and the 2nd Scots Guards were despatched to Canada during the American Civil War. The battalion now gone out numbered 994 officers and men, and presented a very fine appearance. The change will not be so great as if it had gone from London, as the men have been encamped for some weeks at Pirbright. The last war-service of the Grenadiers was at Suakin in 1885, when the 3rd Battalion shared in the arduous work of a very unsatisfactory campaign; the 2nd Battalion took part in the 1882 Egyptian campaign in the Guards Brigade commanded by the Duke of Connaught, and was present at the decisive battle of Tel-el-Kebir. These two campaigns in Egypt are the only occasions on which the Grenadiers have met with uncivilised foes (if Arabi Pasha's troops can be considered such); at least, since the earliest days of the regiment, when they fought in Tangiers and in the American "plantations." The Grenadiers' list of "honours" begins with "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," and "Malplaquet," although they fought many a battle long before, and actually served

on board ship as marines against De Ruyter. The regiment was given the name "Grenadiers" as a distinction, together with the badge of a grenade and the bearskin cap, for its gallant conduct at Waterloo, where it defeated the French Grenadiers. The 1st Battalion has not seen any war-service since the early part of the century, when it fought in the Peninsular War.

Mr. Watts, R.A., has never been of the school of artists who pronounce a divorce between art and morals. He has painted many a "picture with a purpose," and the "Time, Death, and Judgment," which is to have a place in St. Paul's, is one of them. The prejudice against pictures in churches seems likely to go the way of many other prejudices at last. It will receive a shock by the action of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's at any rate, and the art of England, to say nothing of the morals, will know the difference and be the gainer. With no picture could the experiment be more appropriately introduced; for, besides giving his own art's solemn treatment of the theme, the painter has called in the aid of literature, and drives the moral home with two passages of Scripture: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." And, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." The last text is the painter's especial favourite,

and he invests it with a good deal of autobiographical significance. If he had waited on the favouring winds of popularity or fled the clouds of criticism, he would not be the artist he now is, and that lesson he wishes to leave behind him as a legacy to posterity. There are sermons in everything, and this is the sermon he wishes his picture to preach in the Metropolitan Cathedral, the more so now that it is the resting-place of his two closest friends and friends—Leighton and Millais.

The record of Atlantic sailings has now been made, if not in, at least by Germany. On the evening of Sept. 26 the new North German Lloyd steamer *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* arrived at the Lightship, New York, on her maiden trip, having broken all previous records. Her time was 5 days 22 h. 45 min., her average hourly run being 21.39 knots.

On Saturday, Sept. 25, a window was unveiled in the church at Theydon-Bois to the memory of the late Miss Frances Buss, the eminent educationist, and founder of the North London School for Girls. The window overlooks Miss Buss's grave.

At the inquest on the driver of the train recently wrecked at Mayfield, the jury returned a verdict of accidental death, finding at the same time that the train was travelling at too great a speed, and that the line was defective.

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I don't know that anybody can tell all the reasons why children thrive so well on Scott's Emulsion. Authorities seem to differ about it. Some emphasise the importance of the Hypophosphites it contains, while others lay great stress upon the easy form of cod-liver oil. For myself I believe it is both, and perhaps the highest authorities support this belief.

At any rate, the fact is that children gain flesh, strength, colour and vitality on Scott's Emulsion when heretofore they have been delicate, lifeless, thin and weak in spite of everything done for them. It seems like watering a sun-dried plant.

After all, Scott's Emulsion is little more than an easily absorbed form of nourishment. In itself it is the most effectual of all forms of food, but this would be of small value if it were not so perfectly prepared that it is absorbed in a natural manner without digestive effort.

Many children do not digest and absorb their food. If they did there would be no need of Scott's Emulsion. But give these delicate children—even little babies—Scott's Emulsion, and they soon pick up and regain perfect health.

And Scott's Emulsion is so sweet to the taste that children look upon it as a sweetmeat. It is the best way to take that wonderful product of Norway, cod-liver oil, combined with Hypophosphites. Anybody whose system is not getting enough nourishment out of its food will find Scott's Emulsion a great benefit to health.

But this does not apply to other emulsions.

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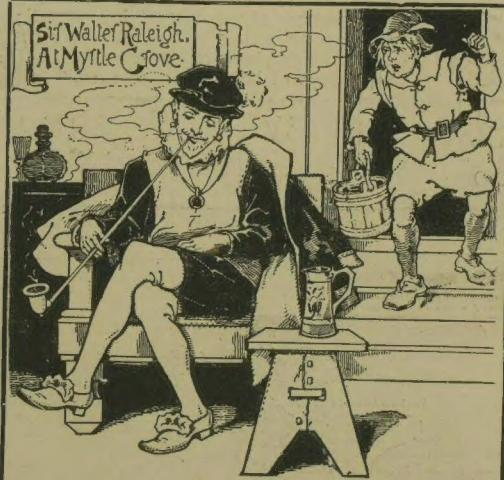
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THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT SEASON.
The prospectus of the forty-second annual series of Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace has been issued, and though there will be no more than eight concerts before Christmas, the quality of the programme goes far to make one forgive the slightly reduced quantity. The season will open on Oct. 9, when Madame Blanche Marchesi, M. Jacq Renard, and little Bruno Steinidel will perform. On the following Saturday yet another infant phenomenon, this time a girl and a violinist, Miss Mand McCarthy, is due to appear. Mr. Santley, Miss Ella Russell, Miss Fanny Davies, Eugen d'Albert, Zélie de Lussan, Edward Lloyd, and Miss Esther Palliser will also perform as soloists in the order given between Oct. 9 and Nov. 27, so that the patron of the Palace need fear no falling-off in the high quality of the entertainments. Almost needless to say, Mr. August Manns will again preside over the Concerts, and I note with pleasure that

several young composers will get a hearing with new work that should be of interest. In spite of the ever-increasing number of town concerts, in spite of the long time taken by the railway companies to come to the assistance of the Palace with an adequate service of fast trains, Sydenham retains its hold upon the affections of many music-lovers who are not local residents, and while the work continues to be well done, there seems no reason why the patronage should not be maintained.

An excellent new shilling map of the North-Western Frontier of India has been published by the Bartholomew's of Edinburgh. It shows very clearly the district involved in the war.

It appears, from the *Lancet*, that English and French men of letters differ notably on the question of smoking. Balzac and Victor Hugo were enemies to tobacco, and in

this they are imitated by M. Zola. Our great ones, on the other hand, have been devotees. Walter Scott confessed to a fondness for a cigar; Carlyle's and Tennyson's way we know; while at an earlier day, John Milton was wont to solace his leisure with a fragrant pipe. No doubt, however, there are exceptions on both sides of the Channel.

A rumour is current in Paris to the effect that the Czar has just bought a large piece of ground at Nice, on which he intends to build a magnificent villa, destined chiefly for his mother and the Czarevitch.

In their fine old hall in Cheapside the Mercers' Company on Sept. 27 entertained the King of Siam at luncheon. The Master, Sir C. Clement Smith, did the honours of the occasion, and proposed his Majesty's health with great cordiality, which was drunk to the strains of the Siamese National Anthem. The King made an equally cordial reply, and in turn proposed the Mercers' Company.

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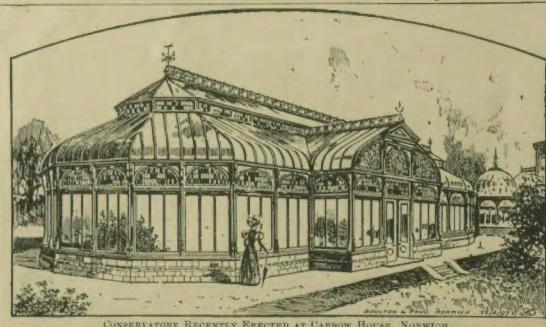
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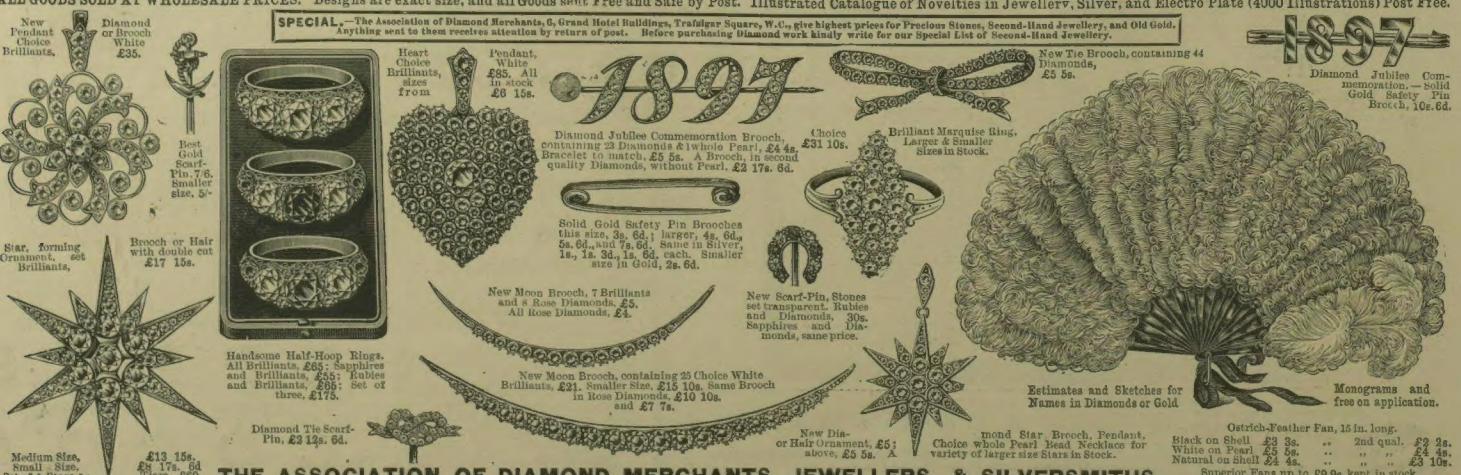
THE use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to "preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles . . . PEARS is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant'; and Pears' Soap is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

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DEATHS.

On Sept. 16, at Priory Cottage, Daylish, Ann Mary Carr, widow of James Carr, aged sixty-three.
On Sept. 22, at "Harley," Chislehurst, Jean Eliza, widow of the late William White, aged seventy-eight.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Henri Rochefort, at sixty, has made his third essay in matrimony, having (spoused his cousin, Mille. Marguerite Vervoort. If anyone ever doubted the courage of the witty editor of the *Intransigant*, this should be sufficient to convince the most sceptical.

"They say Sir Robert blushed," is the phrase used in one of Disraeli's novels when the amount of somebody's property - tax is brought under the notice of Peel. Chancellors of the Exchequer since then have hardly been a blushing body, although Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Goschen have been among them. But a slight grunt of satisfaction may be allowed to the least enthusiastic of the nation's financiers; and it is certain

that the Treasury was conscious of a little stir this week when a cheque for over £50,000 was paid as Customs duty by one single planter, Mr. Lipton, for a clearance of about thirteen hundred tons of tea.

A morning paper speaks of "the widow of Mr. Joseph Cowen." It means the widow of Colonel John Cowen, of Blagdon Burn House, a lately dead brother of the former member for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Though out of Parliament, Mr. Joseph Cowen cannot be said to be even politically dead. He devotes daily care to the policy of his newspaper, the most widely read in the north of England, and the echoes of its articles on the Workmen's Accidents Compensation Bill were heard in the House of Lords when Lord Wemyss paradoxically declared he would "rather

be wrong with Joseph Cowen than right with Joseph Chamberlain."

Madame Antoinette Sterling put her fine voice to good purpose last Sunday. She was at Stacksteads, in the Rossendale Valley, the home of the Wesleyan choir which won the first prize lately at the Crystal Palace, where Madame Antoinette Sterling heard them. Last Sunday it was she whom they heard, in their own chapel, singing "The Lord is my Shepherd" and "Crossing the Bar." Then, by the bedside of some typhoid patients, she sang the same strains again. Madame Antoinette Sterling is sometimes alluded to as a convert to the Society of Friends. If that be so, the change has not led her to abandon music in public or private worship.

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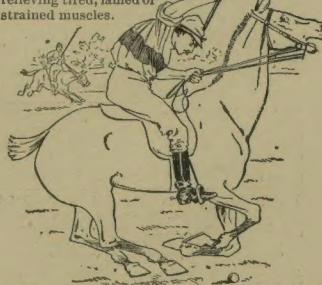
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